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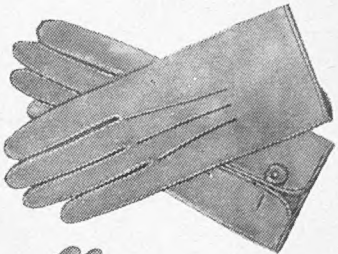

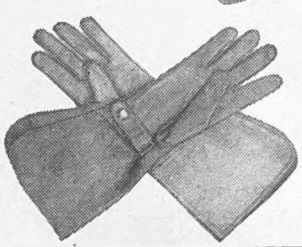

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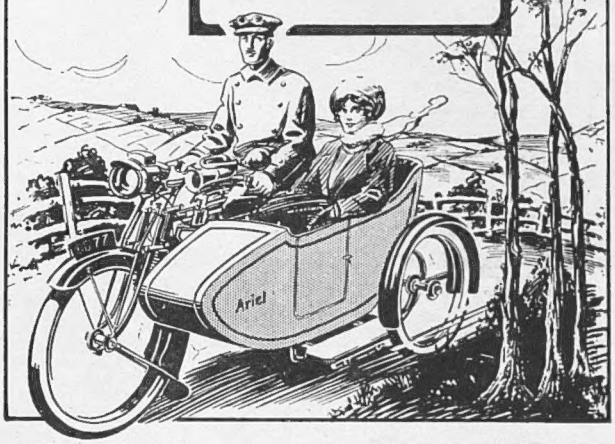

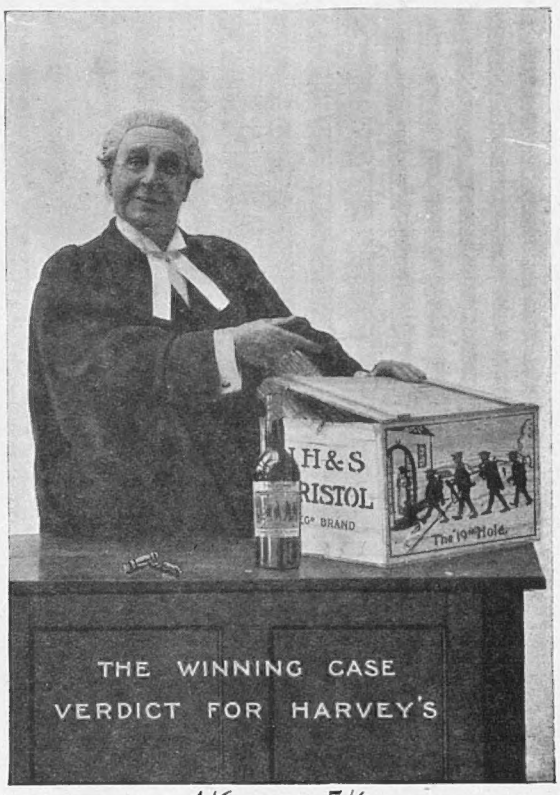

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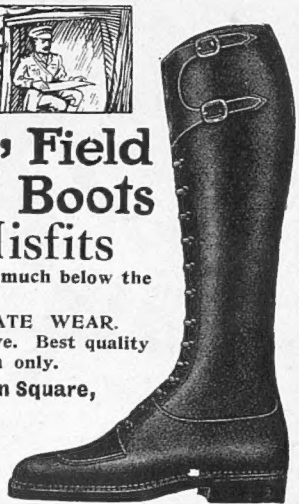

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This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 23rd day of January, 1917, to the midnight of Wed., the 31st day of January, 1917.

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This coubon does not insure against War Risks.

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A Few "Fragments" from his Life. A beautiful book, illustrated by over fifty Original Pictures and Sketches. 4/- post free.

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'FRAGMENTS' Playing Cards

Four Packs now ready:

1. "Better 'Ole."
2. "Shinio."
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Price 1/9 per Pack. 7/- per Set of Four Packs.

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152 & 153, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

A MAN'S COAT.

WAR'S a rough game, anyhow—a grim, dour game, with the stark savagery of the weather as background to its wild variety of minor miseries. No job for woman or weakling—a Man's Game.

And the Thresher's a Man's Coat—a fighting man's fighting coat. The rawest, bleakest job that the General Staff could invent cannot frighten the man who tackles it Thresher-clad.

The coat that will stand the hardest slogging rain as long as it likes to keep on slogging, and never ship a drop, is a useful sort of billet-mate. No exaggeration in that—no water can pass the special inner lining (inner because the outside shell of khaki drill takes the rough wear and tear, and takes it "standing up"). And when your nose and ears are shouting to you how blisteringly cold it is, while from neck to knees you're enjoying Henley weather, you think very kindly of the man who thought out the Thresher and put that snug innermost warmth-lining there, making it detachable, moreover, for days and occasions when you don't want to carry winter-weight.

And all the dear little draughts and rain-trickles that used to wriggle in at neck and wrists when your coat *wasn't* a Thresher, where are they?

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W. O. recommended the Thresher to O.C.'s first year of the war. Over 12,000 officers have taken the official tip, and been glad of it since on many a raw, soaking day.

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THE **THRESHER**

"Thresher" Trench Coat, with detachable Sheepskin lining - **£8 8 0**

As above, with detachable "Kamelcott" lining - - **£6 6 0**

Cavalry type, with knee flaps and saddle gusset, **15/6** extra.

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The Bystander, January 24, 1917.—No. 686. Vol. LIII

The BYSTANDER

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"For long and faithful service"

(The Kaiser is fifty-eight years old on January 27)

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Twice Daily 2.30 and 8.30 Albert de Courville's Production
"RAZZLE-DAZZLE!"
Harry Tate, Etc. Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone Gerrard 3527.

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Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.10 9.0
Programme for week commencing Monday, January 22.
3 Variety Shows Daily.
Miss Evie Green, Ernie Lotinga, & Co., Bransby Williams, George Lashwood, Ella Shields, Sam Mayo, Madie Scott, Beth Tate, Will Lacey, Torino.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE. Kingsway.
2.0. and 7.45, Grand Pantomime, "CINDERELLA"
Ella Retford, Tom Foy, Hal Bert, Bros. Egbert, Louie Tinsley, Edith Drayson. Holborn 6840.

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The New Musical Comedy.
Every Evening, at 8. Mats. every Wed. and Sat. at 2.
MARIE BLANCHE — W. H. BERRY — NELLIE TAYLOR.

DALY'S. Every Evening at 8. "YOUNG ENGLAND."
THE GEORGE EDWARDES & ROBERT COURTNEIDGE production. MATINEES, Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 2.
'Phone (Gerrard 201.

ST. JAMES'S. SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER
Will produce To-morrow and Thursday Evening at 8 prompt
"THE ARISTOCRAT," a New Play by LOUIS N. PARKER.
GEORGE ALEXANDER and GENEVIEVE WARD.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER," are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1*d.* per copy. Canada, under 1 lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

The Laughter-maker Once More!

What accounts for all this cheerfulness everywhere?

The weather's incredibly beastly.

The household bills are assuming gigantic proportions.

The sugar-mines (or wherever it is sugar comes from) have shut down.

We haven't seen a Zep. burnt for weeks and weeks.

Yet everybody's smiling.

People in the Tubes go four stations beyond their destination.

People in the street cannon madly into one another; and, instead of swearing, grin.

People indoors let the fire go out.

People in the trenches pay absolutely no attention to the arrival of the Rum Ration.

I'll let you into the secret.

The THIRD volume of

FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE

is JUST OUT!

And everybody's reading it.

And laughing over it.

And buying it.

How truly the poet sings:—

The Kaiser wastes his precious breath
In prayer and strafin':
'Tis Bairnsfather will be the death
Of us, by laughin'!

F.R.B.

If you like Volumes I. and II.
Try Volume III.
There's luck in odd numbers.
(And these are very odd.)

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Those Stunts

When the present Government came in the Bystander in this column uttered a solemn warning to the members of the new Cabinet. The Bystander patted them on their bald little, or curly little, heads; welcomed them warmly; dealt out some sage advice; and then, shaking at them a kindly but impressive finger, said, in the exquisite refinement of modern English, "Above all, no stunts."

Business First

They promised. With tears in their little eyes, and halos glimmering faintly above their little brows, they climbed into their little desks and most faithfully promised the public that they would stunt no stunts. The rise and fall of the late Government was before their eyes in all its hideous nakedness; they were business men of the most businesslike type with the most businesslike intentions, and they were going solidly and unadvertisingly to work with a buzz and a hum for all the world like a moving staircase—always moving.

Signs of Stunting

Alas, for the insidious effects of political harness! I don't say that the moving staircase has stopped moving, nor even that it has yet had time to get moving properly, but I do say—so much more in sorrow than in anger that I croon into infant song over it—I do say there are signs that—

Baby, baby Bunting,
Cabinet's going a-stunting.

State Hotels (Un)Ltd.

By stunting I mean—and meant when I warned them against it—big, splashy things that catch the popular eye but don't advance the popular cause. I mean setting up as hotel proprietors with thousands of clerks and typewriters pouring into the hotels and precious little pouring out of them. I mean—or, to vary the note, I ask—is it businesslike to plough up the parks when the farmlands lie unploughed? To raid the railway traveller so that one-third suffers while two-thirds (workmen and seasons) escape? To fix the price of potatoes yet unsown at a figure that will make the farmer think before he sows them, and then think not?

The New Idea

In the old, sad, bad Cabinet a Minister called upon to do a job either did it and was at once soundly and loudly and almost universally cursed for having done it, or didn't do it, and with equal promptitude was equally damned for not doing it. In the new a Minister called upon to do a job takes a hotel, clears it, fills it, and nominates a new department to take the job in hand. The new department immediately takes two hotels or a hotel and a half, clears them, fills them, and—well, what?

Too Roomy

That's all to-day, thank you, and I hope it won't be necessary to notice it again. But unquestionably there are stunt signs in the air, and unquestionably stunts are not only wasteful in themselves but become additionally so when they need a brace of hotels apiece to hatch them, and threaten to burst off into stuntlets requiring further hotels. The great, dull mass of the people, remember, are not accustomed to hotel ways. All those rooms frighten

(*Continued on page 136*)

TAKING NO RISKS

KAISER: "Why so? I the neutrality of Switzerland would violate never!"

SWITZERLAND: "N—n—no! But haven't I heard something about *necessity?*"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

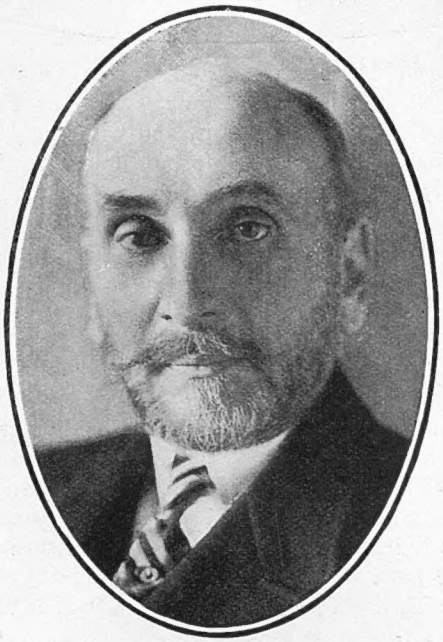
them. I am told of one war-work manufacturer who in the days of the old bunglers used, when occasion necessitated, to get into direct touch with the Government Department for whom he worked. His communications now have to go through eleven different hands before they reach it. The silly fellow prefers the old-fashioned method, and his is the kind of prejudice that is a practical (though, of course, ridiculous) argument against hotel government.

Hunger and Sticking It

"Neutral observers" continue to give from practical experience alarming stories of the food shortage in Germany. If the accounts were to be estimated in hunger-terms of the Englishman who has been kept waiting ten minutes for his dinner it would be quite impossible for Germany to hold out even while this number of THE BYSTANDER goes to press. Unfortunately, if one thing is more certain than another in the psychology of hunger (or of any other desire) it is that the man whose food is just delayed while the infernal waiter stops to see what won the four-thirty has not a thousand-millionth part of the self-restraint of the man who knows he's got to go hungry because the food isn't there. The longer there has been a shortage the longer Germany will be able to put up with a shortage. The thing to count on is when the effects of the privation have superimposed upon them the equivalent of all that is implied when a letter describing an unfortunate picnic says dramatically: "And then it began to rain!!!"

In the Springtime

If it begins to rain (shells and bayonets) all along the German fronts in the early spring—just when last year's crops are exhausted and this year's has yet to come—then will the pressure on the armies begin to echo with hollow reverberation on the pressure of the blockade. So long as Germany can keep the two things apart—suffer food shortage but hold the lines, or suffer some worsting in the field but get new food—so long will it be an exercise in futility to ask: "Can Germany hold out?" When she takes on both together—the push and the privation simultaneously—the question will be equally futile—because then she can't.



M. SAZONOFF

Who is likely to succeed the late Count Benckendorff as Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James. M. Sazonoff won his great reputation in Russia as Foreign Minister

A Field-Day

The Field-day held under the Defence of the Realm Act on Sir Theodore Cook's property cannot yet be adjudicated upon. It is wrapt in mystery, and probably will turn out to be shrouded in red tape. One says "probably" because in the public view the matter suffers at present from low visibility. At the time of writing we have only had Sir Theodore's version. There are two sides to every case, and the man has yet to be born who, being the builder of one side can also faithfully present the other. When he is born he will probably have a wretched time of it. All that can usefully be said of the Field-day (which had nothing whatever to do with the *Field*) is that it concerned explosives, that explosives are ticklish things to handle in these times, and that the Defence of the Realm Act is liable to introduce high explosive anywhere. THE BYSTANDER knows. It has had some.

Portia's Barred

The barristers who cannot join up have thrown on the 1,300 who have the responsibility of deciding whether women shall be allowed to wear wig and gown and to say "M'lud." Whether the lawyer-soldiers will appreciate the compliment no mere layman can say; but whether, when the war is over and the question reintroduced, we shall be permitted the pleasing spectacle of the whole body of non-fighters standing aside to let the returned body of fighters settle the thing I for one am prepared to say I think not. Women are not being altogether handsomely treated in these matters. They have done their bit in the way of every conceivable bit they are permitted to do, and the ungallant tendency seems to be to say (whether of votes or wigs): "Ah, but you must wait till after the war for us to see whether you really ought to have them." If the principle holds good they probably won't get much. Just when the men are getting their discharge tickets and the women are getting the sack—or not getting it—won't be the most propitious moment for asking for more.

OLD PICTURES WITH NEW MEANINGS

The Kaiser and the President of the Swiss Republic

(Possibly the gist of the conversation between them will be found underneath the picture on the preceding page)

The Freemasonry of the Sea

BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER: "Seen anything of this 'raiding' blighter about here, Father Nep.?"

FATHER NEPTUNE: "Aye, aye, my lad! On your starboard-bow, hull-down—disguised as a gentleman! Saw him not five minutes ago, playing 'the usual' with a cargo-boat. Carry on, and I wouldn't give a dead star-fish for his chances!! (Chuckles.) Good luck t'ye!!"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *January 22, 1917.*

DEAR COUSIN—

POOR old England. She's going to come out on top, of course, as usual; but at the rate she's going now—dear me, she'll hardly know herself when she's through with it, will she? The new "militarism" alone is a record revolution. Picture to yourself the peaceful little island we were. And now! Counting our fighting men by millions instead of the few hundred thousand that stood between us and our enemies before August, 1914.

"It's our sacred duty to keep up this great sport"

AND still the cry's for more, and again more. So's to win at last, say the experts, we've got to go to war this year in the grand manner of ancient Rome. My classical history's rusting a bit, but when things got serious in those days the very man at the plough buckled on his sword, didn't he, and left the home work and the food-getting and everything except the battle-fighting to the women and the boys and the old, old men, and marched out to swell the Roman legions as they went forth to fight the Carthaginians or the Allemanni (otherwise Boches) or other savage tribes.

WELL, in England—now, we're doing it this way. They're even daring to suggest killing off *the foxes*, and if that doesn't *tear* it I don't know what does in sporting England, that for centuries has positively been *reserved* so that the best people might continue to indulge in that sport of sports, which is hunting. But this last vandalism isn't being taken lying down, if there *is* a war.

IT'S our sacred duty, say the hunting people, to keep up the great sport for the sake of our soldier-men when they come back, else they'll be quite heart-broken. Besides, we simply couldn't do without it as a way of training for war and building up character, not to mention providing horses. But I'm afraid being able to ride hasn't cut much ice up to now in a war where the cavalry, most of 'em, have had to turn themselves into foot-sloggers. No room for horses in trench-fighting, though with the spring, so they say, the young cavalryman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of getting a good look-in at last. Here's to him!

"In the spring the cavalry will get a look in"

A REALLY wily idea, wasn't it, to float the great War Loan before the spring fashions came out? Shouldn't be at all surprised if it was a put-up job—our new rulers, being "business" ones, aren't the sort to scorn knowing about that sort of thing, or making use of it for their own purposes, or, rather, for the public good. Fairly easy, perhaps, in this dull, dark, damp, and dreary month of January to resist successfully the allurement of a new hat or something extra evanescent and transparent and extravagant in the way of, say, a pale pink Georgette blouselet.

QUITE another matter when the sun shines again and the sky's blue and there are violets in the streets and "the new models are in, madam," at all the shops. It is then frail woman falls in phalanxes—even when there's a war. An inner sense of moral rectitude is so *much* less satisfying, isn't it, than the outward certainty of being in the fashion?

AND so much less appreciated, too—by men, for whom women dress, anyway. An offer of marriage may, as someone's said, imply a recognition of sex a little deeper than mere clothes, but it's the woman who wears the clothes who gets the offer, isn't it? As yet another woman on the land writes me: "Oh, Blanche, I wish they'd conscript *all* single women over sixteen. It's awful to know that our men, *the* men, are giving to the prettily dressed, nothing-to-do women in town the good time they'd give to us if we weren't 'taking a man's place' somewhere on the land.

"YOU can't think how *sick* we get of shirt and breeches, damp puttees, and cow-y boots, and how we long for all the pretty things of life *and* music and something twinkly in glasses. For to those of us who are *really* taking a man's place leave, you know, is about as scarce as it is in Mesopotamia. Life is just one long prospect of starting work at 5 a.m., of splashing round inky stables with a lantern; of days of ploughing or threshing, wet or fine; of a hasty letter or two written round the fire; of bed at 8.30. The

(Continued on page 139)

life of an average agricultural labourer and the pay of an Ethiopian slave! Do you think we like it? We *hate* it."

⁂ ⁂

Poor dears. Never mind. Keep it up. It's a very long lane that has no turning—'specially if you're pretty—even in puttees and cow-y boots. And there's a something, rather deep-down and precious, you know, these dark and fateful hours, in the knowledge that even if you're only a woman you are helping too. *Some* of the men may prefer the women who don't help, but they're not the worth-while ones, and they're very few at that. The rest, as so many tell me, have just no words to express what they feel about what women are doing in this war. They understand, you see, that, as one of them has put it:

> If England calls this day—
> Then shall I die that she
> May live in Liberty.

The women who take their place have got to go on living.

"The allurement of a new hat"

⁂ ⁂

Talking, though, of clothes, you'd hardly think it possible, but they really and truly are going to change all round and be quite different again this spring. First of all, so say those who know, we're to be slightly barrel-shaped, full round where our mothers had hips and narrow round the ankles. And after that—well, after that we're to "economise" with narrow skirts. They won't, of course, *cost* less than the wide ones did, but the cloth-makers and people will save that way. And in war-time, if you want to be in the fashion, you've got to pay for it—even more than you do in peace-time.

Very trying, isn't it? And there's really no way out—short of looking "wrong" and so having no one to look at you. The solution's uniform for all, and even that'd be an extravagance, for all of us, of course, have got clothes enough for *years* if it weren't for the tiresome "fashions." I suppose we shall grin and buy them—the new-shaped garments. I mean. But it's much easier being a man, isn't it?

⁂ ⁂

Clothes, by the way, aren't the only unwarlike matters of the moment. Several new plays are on or coming on, weddings are going strong as usual, in Mayfair and the nearlying gayer parts of London "little" dances are the order of most nights, and there's a big and most intriguing Shakespeare exhibition on in Bond Street that must have taken scores of people months of work to arrange. It's for charity, of course, as are all shows of all kinds in war-time, but if they really do conscript sixteen to sixty by this time next year will there then be even Shakespeare shows, I wonder?

⁂ ⁂

Of in London—now, apropos, one Asiatic Algy, a sailorman, writes to remark that he noticed, on leave, "how that 'wound badge' game seems to have caught on. I *was* surprised. I thought it wouldn't be done. Not quite the thing, somehow, rather indecent, and kind of like carrying round an assortment of 'toff-letters' and showing them to your acquaintances, or wearing the M.V.O. ribbon on your pyjamas. Maybe it's a funny idea on my part, but I'm hanged if I'll wear one, any old way, though I do think of becoming a curly-eyed, blue-haired soldier-boy—the poor old R.N.'s in the dirt-tub, aren't we?"

(*Continued on page 140*)

"A big Shakespeare Exhibition"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

WHICH is where, according to another correspondent, I, your scribe, am apt to put no less a branch of the land service than the A.S.C.—or, rather, I do worse, I forget them. "In all the sweet sympathy and friendliness you offer us, Blanche," says one of them, "you seem never to think of the A.S.C. Are they mud to you? Do you despise them?

⁂ ⁂

"PLEASE will you tell me why the M.T., A.S.C., are more to be scorned than, for example, the Sapper Signals, the Postal people, Pontoon Parks, Army Troops Coy.'s R.E., R.A.M.C. *personnel*, heavy gunners, or any other people not strictly a front line unit? You in Blighty do not judge the whole corps of the Sappers (than whom no one has earned greater or more deserved praise in France) by their more administrative units. Why, then, do you judge the A.S.C. by their permanent base details, or their dockers and similar creatures?

⁂ ⁂

"YOU, Blanche, of your dear charity, always include in your messages of sympathy, cheer, and goodwill those men who are posted to places where the dangers certainly are not awful, though the 'comforts' mayn't be worth making a song about. The A.S.C. ask for no praise or honour. They don't particularly deserve it, they are too busy doing their job of work under rotten conditions to worry about it, and uninformed criticisms or the immature babblings of baby infantry subalterns leave them cold, anyway; but what we do feel, Blanche, is that *you* should not find room for us in your thoughts—you who, every week, help to make things seem worth while, all the mud and filth and cold and wet and disease and all the rest. You are nice to Brass Hats, men on outposts of Empire, V.A.D.'s (bless them!), munition-workers, and even men with permanent home jobs, but about the A.S.C. you accept the untutored judgment of the uninformed without investigation.

⁂ ⁂

"HAS it ever occurred to you, I wonder, that the regular A.S.C. officer is often a poor devil who loves the service, but cannot afford the more picturesque regiments and has to go into a working corps because of the additional pay? And, lastly—will you forgive me? I'm desperately afraid you won't, but I've had to chide you thus because I'm desperately anxious, too, that you should give your usual tolerant regard to these facts without accepting as your own the opinions of the corps sometimes held by those (often) baby boys who are so splendidly and uncomplainingly doing men's work out here in the line, and to whom we all take off our hats every time. Yours, very hopeful, very terrified of your anger or disregard, but very devotedly—AN A.S.C. CAPTAIN."

⁂ ⁂

TO which last I can only say, as usual, that I am only honoured and pleased when any soldier-man writes to me, even to chide. Also that if I ever did give the impression that I thought any one unit of our utterly splendid army in any way less worthy of praise and admiration than another—well, I deserve to be chid. For nothing was ever further from my thoughts. I think them all, *all*—from the newest A.S.C. private to the C.-in-C. himself—positively, absolutely *perfect*. Or, anyway, as perfect as it's safe to be in a world where there are women too.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

A FITTING SELF-SACRIFICE

LADY X——: "What is this 'in aid of' for, Constance?"
COUNTESS C——: "Oh, to provide clothing for the prisoners of war, my dear!"

Lady Violet Astor

Photograph *Speaight*

Lady Violet Astor, married last year to Captain the Hon. John Jacob Astor, is the youngest daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl of Minto

A Whimsical Diary: No. VII.

"THE FACTOR OF LUCK." BY "WILL OF THE WISPSHIRES"

I REMARKED last week that success in the Army is tremendously a matter of luck—which isn't by any means an original reflection. Ever since the war began I have heard of cases of really able men in civil life who in the Army have failed hopelessly through being up against something they have been unable to negotiate, while men who before the war were the despair of parents, guardians, wives, families, friends, employers, and were written-off as incurable incapables, have risen to high military rank. It is the actual fact, and not only the inspiration of the comic artist, that the former office boy is now the officer of the employer who "sacked" him. I know of specific cases. There's Private B——, for instance, who at noon every Friday has to draw his pay from the ex-junior clerk, who, a few years ago, drew his pay from him; and also to salute when he's taken it. The amount is that which the recipient would formerly have paid daily for light luncheon. If the donor refrains from smiling sarcastically it's because he's not too sure what will be their relative positions *after the war.*

⁂ ⁂

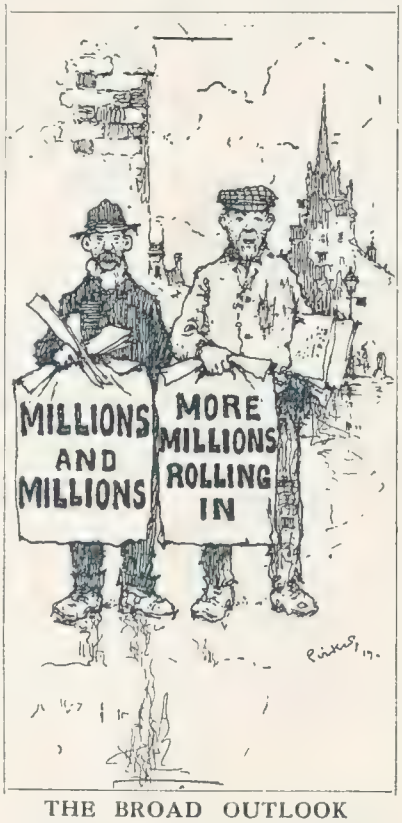
ONE employer of my acquaintance—not in my own corps, by the way—now serving as a private, who has suffered one or two gratuitous snubs from youthful N.C.O.'s, has revealed to me his very own plan for getting his own back—if he's spared. He intends to conduct his business henceforth on strictly military lines, himself as "C.O.," and he has reason to believe that two or three of his present army persecutors will meet him again under circumstances that will enable him to get his own back with interest. You see, during his training, they have been at such very great pains to impress upon him—he's about forty—the importance of discipline, and he wants to show them one day how strictly he has absorbed their teaching.

⁂ ⁂

MEN like this are rather absurd, of course. They don't understand how entirely *impersonal* army discipline is—or, rather, ought to be. When told, in thunderous tones, that you want your hair cut, and ordered to have it cut by next parade on pain of awful consequences, it is not you in person, Private Paderewski, who is being "ticked off," but "number four from the left in the rear rank," in which identity you are ridiculous with long hair. One has to try to envisage oneself from the standpoint of the sergeant-major, and altogether to forget what may be your place in the eyes of your Creator.

⁂ ⁂

BUT Paderewski sent to get his hair cut isn't the symbol I have in mind of Army hard luck. It isn't, after all, the business of the sergeant-major to utilise men according to their real talents, but only to mould them to military purposes. I am thinking of the people who, through hard luck, fail to find recognition for actual military aptitude, or who find it despite the lack of it. I heard of the case, some months ago, of the smartest recruit that was ever set eyes on. It was clear from the first day that he was there to "make good." He turned and wheeled, and formed fours and squad, with a perfection that was the delight of every eye. As right-hand marker, he was the guide and stay and comforter of the whole squad. His step-off at the quick march would have delighted von Hindenburg in its Prussian exactitude; his "shoulder arms" was a model for all, and never was there such a fugleman when bayonet-fixing was the business. They nominated him for swift progress and promotion; and then when the day for inspection came, alas! it was he, and he alone, who had the misfortune to drop his rifle. A mere accident, such as might have happened to any man; but to this man it was, for the time being, a Sedan, a Waterloo, an Austerlitz. The moral is, of course, to go easy, and not to strive too much after perfection; to cherish belief in some special providence that has a kindly eye towards sinners.



THE BROAD OUTLOOK

"I've dealt with a good many of these 'ere loans, but I've never 'andled anything like this before"

⁂ ⁂

I THINK the sergeant-major, in his stony heart of hearts, rather likes the one among us who transgresseth. It would be intensely boring for him to have to conduct a parade of paragons, and never once to have occasion to test that magnificent voice of his, or try on the dog that very latest witticism: "Thank God we've got a Navy." If the errant sheep isn't in the fold, the S.-M. will have to invent him; so to save him that trouble, it is really a kindness for somebody to take a wrong step, make a wrong turn, leave a button undone, or a bolt unclosed. I never got such an ingratiating smile as I did one morning after he had ticked me off furiously for each one of these offences. I know he wanted me to join him in a glass of something, sometime, somewhere, only, of course, he couldn't say so. "W. O. W."

Making a Hash of It

Privates Allardyce Jones and Reginald Horace Smith (late of the "Epicurean" and "Dives" Supper Club) take a dixie of stew from the cookhouse to the Sergeants' Mess

Bystander Super-Scoops: By "Qu'importe?"

No. III. Earl Earwig's Exemption.

THIS is unquestionably the most stupendous serial ever let loose. Unchaining a fiery mustang is like a white mouse to it. Tried on the cinema it shook the thing to bits and had to be hacked off with a pickaxe. It is absolutely the most palpitating transcript of human emotions that ever palped. The manuscript can be heard throbbing at night in the most uncanny way, and has, indeed, been used to drive the editor's car during the petrol shortage. The thing has such a punch that many of the girl conductors on the motor 'buses use it instead of the trade article. There is something for everybody in this staggering story. We have private information that the Kaiser himself broke down and sobbed like a little child over some parts of it; other parts have reclaimed drunkards; others driven strong men to drink. Mothers use some bits to hush their infants to sleep. Tribunals use others to lash conscientious objectors into such fury that they have been known to go out and crush a worm to death. You must read it. Get to love our heroine and know a good woman at last. Get to know our hero and wade through blood. Get right into the heart of the thing and know once and for all what literature has come to.

NEW READERS START HERE: OR STOP OUTSIDE. NO SMOKING IN THE LIFT.

A FEW OF THE PEOPLE YOU WILL MEET

Wallace Waistcoat: A conscientious skrimshanker with a patent collapsible heart which has diddled Mill Hill. In the previous superb chapter, so absolutely unparalleled that it had to be printed crooked, sixteen combined Medical Boards sat on him and killed the poor fellow. At that point Wallace was cut out of the story by the Press Bureau; but his sinister influence remains poisoning and absolutely clogging up the life of

Lionel Loop: The hero. A super-superb type of All-British manhood. His eyes are like Reckitts Blue (advt.); teeth white as driven Zog (advt.), and hair in crisp, tight curls like Colman's Mustard (advt.). His nose is absolutely plumb in the middle of his face, and was specially designed by Bruce Bairnsfather. He is absolutely like a young Greek god. His laugh is like a peal of bells, and his smile would absolutely melt a pat of butter. He is at present employed as a scarecrow by

Ezra Hound, a ruffianly old farmer who refuses to grow wheat for the new standard bread; but Lionel is really the illegitimate—[*steady, please.*—ED.]—the absolutely legitimate son and heir of

Viscount Vile, a mean wretch who is hoarding sugar for all he is worth, which is a million a minute. He has a dope mark on his left ear, and Lionel has absolutely the same dope mark, only on his right knee. Later in the story Li is going to enlist in a Scottish regiment, and when his absolutely legitimate father comes down to inspect the regiment he sees the sun flashing on this dope mark, and such a scene takes place that it is highly doubtful whether the Press Bureau will pass it. Suffice it that Lord Vile goes into an epileptic fit on the parade-ground, and is promptly clapped into category B1. This scene has been pronounced by Blanche to be absolutely the most astounding *dénouement* ever denuded. Lord Vile is in the clutches of

Lola Larpent, pronounced by the Religious Tract Society to be unquestionably the most adventurous adventuress that ever adventured. Her past has been so lurid that it burst into flame in transit to the office, and had to be thrown into the Thames. Lola hates Lionel and once struck him right in the face in Lyons Corner House in the Strand (advt.). Lionel never said a word, as his false teeth were at the moment all tangled up in a doughnut. [*But you said his teeth flashed like driven Zog (advt).*—PRINTER'S READER. *Well, how the devil could they do that if he didn't take them out and clean them with it? You don't want to poison the man, do you?*—AUTHOR. *Advt. cancelled.*—ZOG CO., LTD.] Lola has had a child by—[*steady, please.*—ED.]—by her husband in absolutely lawful wedlock, but put them both out of action on the child's first birthday by giving it a hand-grenade painted to look like an india-rubber ball and asking daddy to bounce it. Daddy did; and father and child went west together in a scene pronounced by Mrs. Barclay to be of the most moving pathos that ever moved. Lola is, of course, an actress, and acted in such slimy and lecherous plays that the Bishop of London and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien intervened, and we are going to have her poleaxed by

Hermann Hiccough, absolutely the most loathsome Hun ever hunted. The Kaiser himself is like a cold lamb chop beside him. Everybody in the story is in his clutches, and his grip on any character will be tightened up several notches at the request of any reader who encloses a coupon from the current number. He has secretly introduced into Castle Crime, Viscount Vile's ancestral home, an enormous boa-constrictor, nearly as long as the Hampstead and Golder's Green Tube, which is eating up the hoarded sugar as fast as Lord Vile hoards it. In a coming chapter Hermann sends Lionel Loop down to the vaults to fetch a couple of lumps, and the fight between the mammoth serpent and Lionel, armed only with a pair of electro-plated sugar-tongs, is so colossal that the printer who set it up was considered fit to tackle anything, and was promptly raised from category C iii. to general service. Hermann is a super-spy, and the chapter in which he attended a meeting of the Cabinet disguised as a coal-scuttle never stood a dog's chance with the Press Bureau, and didn't get it. He is mysteriously connected with

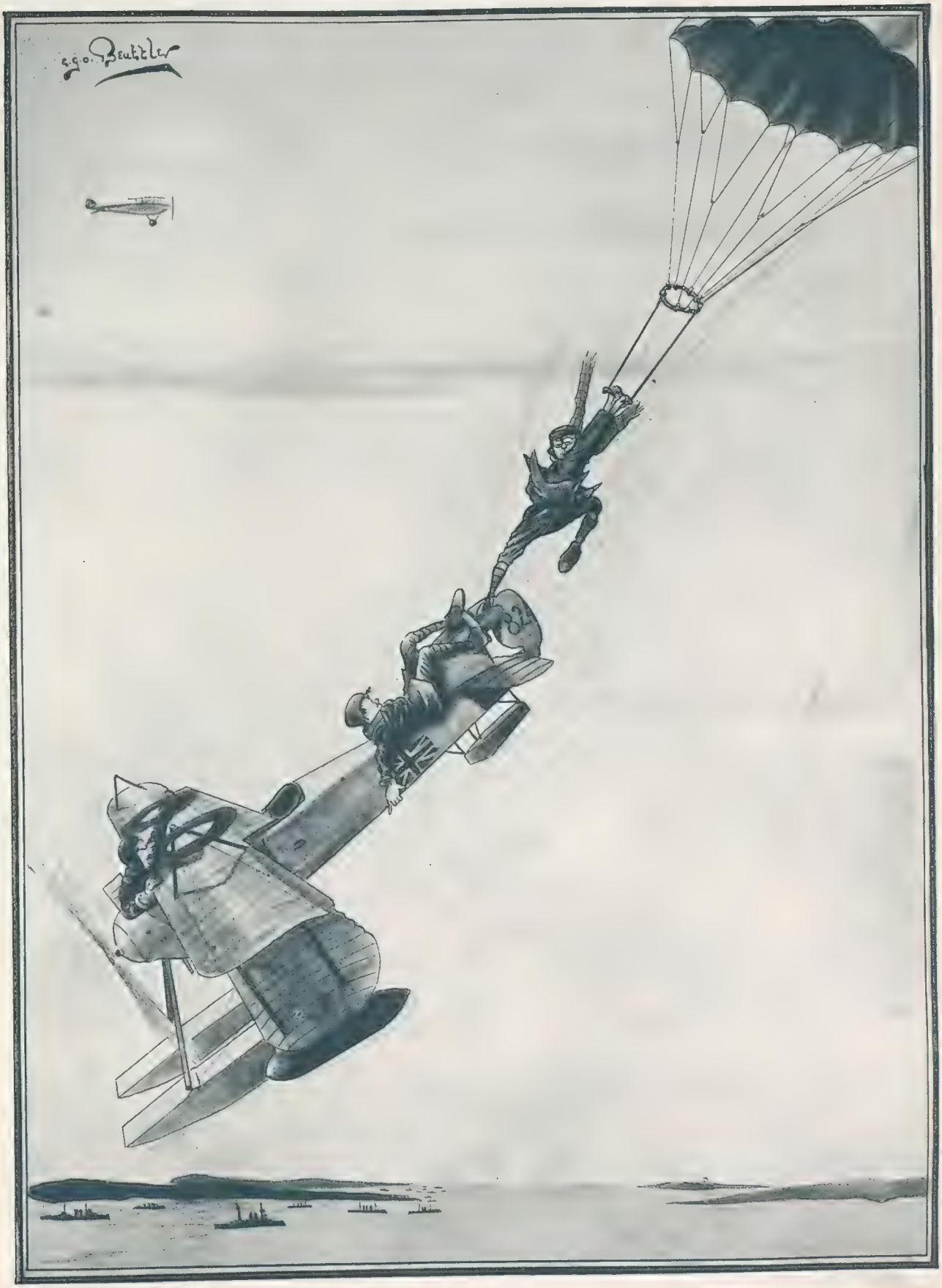
Earl Earwig, a lunatic nobleman, only dragged into the story to pander to a silly fad of the editor's to justify the title of the story and pushed out again pretty quick. He is kept in a dog-kennel by Hermann, who has designs on

REGULAR SUBSCRIBERS JOIN UP HERE, PLEASE

Milly Margarine, our new heroine, cancelling all previous issues, as the board of directors have grown tired of them. She brings such an aroma of new-mown hay into the story that the editor had an attack of hay fever when reading the proofs, and absolutely dislocated his nose

(Continued on page 146)

Life in a Seaplane Carrier



PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 4.—EXPERIMENTING WITH PARACHUTE

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

BYSTANDER SUPER-SCOOPS (concluded)

blowing it. Milly, of course, takes over the liabilities of our previous heroines, including twins—[*steady, please.* — Ed.] — including twins which she has adopted, and is passionately in love with Lionel (estrangement follows in due course, and has been pronounced by Sir Samuel Evans as absolutely the most pitiful story of love's rupture ever brought to his notice). Milly is an assistant in the Bargain Basement at Selfridge's (advt.), but she is really the daughter and sole heiress of

Count Curse, a sinister figure, who has, however, been exempted till our Summer Number on appeal of the Mothers' League, who did not care for him in the same story as

LITTLE ONES HERE, PLEASE
A Special Character for Them

Fanny Fail, of the *Daily Wail,* a tiny tot of five sum-mers, who has a kind Nan-ny, a dar-ling mum-my, and a great big Ted-dy Bear. Yes, tots, Fan-ny has dad-dy too. Her fath-er is

Basil Blotter, a strange young fellow who is brooding over the whole plot in a very uncanny way so far and will come in with appalling consequences later on. He is secretary to

Paul Plush, a world-famous author, who becomes ensnared by Lola Larpent, and in an agonising scene commits suicide by swallowing his fountain-pen. Under his vest is found a mysterious packet addressed to Lionel Loop, *c.o*

Oswald Overcoat, the brilliant but unscrupulous editor of a brilliant but scrupulous society paper, cut out by the editor of The Bystander in a fit of pique as bearing an entirely fanciful resemblance to himself. The plot dashed nearly broke down owing to this exhibition of arbitrary Prussianism by the editor, but was caught as it was falling by Milly, who finds the mysterious packet left in the Bargain Basement. Disguising herself as a recruiting officer she frightens a motor-'bus driver who is evading the Military Service Act off his 'bus and sets off on a non-stop run to Devonshire, where Lionel Loop is doing his scarecrow stunt. By an amazing coincidence all the characters in the story are passengers in the 'bus, so the position is simply stupendous. The last instalment concluded with Hermann Hiccough and Viscount Vile climbing down over the top of the 'bus and clumping Milly over the head with a petrol tin. They clump her for seventeen miles, and all this time the splendid girl is chewing and swallowing the mysterious packet and substituting another in its place. At last the infamous pair clump her good and hard, and knock her poor head right off. Our chapter ended "With a hiss of diabolic glee, Hermann seized the dummy packet and tore it open. A shower of used 'bus-tickets soughed through the air like the wailing of lost souls, and from the cold lips of the battered head, on which Viscount Vile was callously sitting inhaling a cigarette, came an unearthly shriek of ——."

War-Economisers who only Read "The Bystander" on the Bookstalls, Switch in Here.

CHAPTER C3

"Sucks!"

[Another superb instalment next week.]

[*But not here.*—Ed.]

Not a "Cushy" One

RECTOR'S WIFE: "I'm sorry to hear your son has been wounded, Giles. What news have you got of him?"
GILES: "Well, mum, they folks in t' hospital has sent us a letter sayin' as how t' poor lad is totally decapitated"

Across the Styx

No. II.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRUSSIAN

"Somewhere in Flanders"

DIRTY WORK

My Dear Bystander—

Ask any *poilu* in the trenches what is the one bright spot (if any) in his cheerless existence, and the immediate answer will in every case be "*pinard*"—in other words, the good red wine of France. What rum is to the British soldier so is the *pinard* ration to the *poilu*. Nothing else matters. Without *pinard* war would be a terrible business, a loathsome and wholly impossible affair.

And in view of the potential shortening of the *pinard* ration, owing to the prolongation of the war, the weakness of M. René Chauvin for this invigorating beverage has been rapidly becoming a source of the gravest anxiety to his comrades.

⁂ ⁂

It had been the habit of this small mess, when in billets, to anticipate a few festive evenings of well-earned repose by laying in a little store of Government *pinard*, supplemented by purchases from the local village wine merchant; and shortly after the formation of the *popote* it was discovered, to the dismay of the other members of the mess, that M. René Chauvin, though a capital fellow in every other respect, was a fervid disciple of Bacchus to an extent which frustrated all honest attempts at laying up reserves. For nearly a fortnight the mess discussed ways of coping with the problem, and then a kindly Providence stepped opportunely into the breach and furnished the necessary machinery.

UNNECESSARY

TOMMY (*reading*): "It says 'ere that a fund is being raised for the purpose of providing portable baths for the trenches"

2nd TOMMY: "Why, what's the matter with our swimming bath?"

⁂ ⁂

It was a happy thought of M. René Chauvin's old aunt to send her dear nephew a pair of gaudy sleeve links made up of large blood-coloured stones, which, mounted on sky-blue linen cuffs, were hailed with delight by the mess.

M. Chauvin was proud of his links, and it was his custom after meals to sit down with a sigh in the only comfortable chair, shoot out his cuffs, and descant with much satisfaction on the artistic merits of the baubles.

⁂ ⁂

It was also a happy thought on the part of *le brave capitaine* Toupet, on his return from leave, to bring back with him an identical pair of links, the only difference being that *his* stones were of a ravishing emerald-green. And on the evening of his arrival Captain Toupet might have been seen with infinite stealth substituting the blood-red ones for the emerald-green. After the meal M. René Chauvin—who had tackled the *pinard* with his accustomed heartiness—shot out his cuffs as usual and prepared to digest his portion of canned *singe*.

A long fixed stare, then a slight catch in his breath.

"What colour are these links of mine, *mon vieux?*" asked M. Chauvin suddenly.

"Why, red, of course!" came the eager chorus, "what colour do you expect them to be—yellow?"

"Oh, all right," he growled, "it is nothing; must be the light, I expect." But the thing was worrying him badly, and twice that evening he was seen to put his hand over his forehead and mutter something about his eyes. Nobody took the slightest notice.

⁂ ⁂

The next day, with consummate guile, Captain Toupet succeeded in substituting one blood-red link for one emerald-green.

The effect on M. Chauvin when he next shot out his cuffs was remarkable.

First he got up and swore with a fluency that astonished even his companions; then emotion seized him, and subsiding heavily into a chair, he sat for some minutes with his head buried in his hands, the picture of helpless misery. "For God's sake," he moaned, "tell me what colour this link is?" "Why, red, of course!" came the answer, "what on earth is the matter, old chap?" But the only sound was a muttered curse. There was no doubt his sight was affected. In another week, perhaps, he would be stone blind. His grief was pitiful to behold. Everybody was awfully kind and sympathetic, and Captain Toupet told a pathetic story of a man he knew (just about M. Chauvin's age) who went blind in a single evening through drinking half a bottle of old Scotch whisky. And when, two days later, both links reverted once more to a beautiful emerald-green the whole mess took the wretched man, as docile as a little lamb, to the *médecin major* at the hospital.

⁂ ⁂

The *médecin major* (who had been won over) was very grave Yes; it was decidedly serious; a most distressing case of *optica pinardentia*, which had only just been taken in time. He complimented the mess on having taken the matter so promptly in hand. He was sorry to say the case had been greatly aggravated by excessive drinking, and on no account must the patient imbibe anything stronger than water, tea, or coffee in future.

And after mixing a most filthy-looking physic, to be taken three times a day, the *médecin major* departed, glowing with the proud consciousness that through his humble medium yet another of the human family had been rescued from himself.

Yours ever, Jack Johnson

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Oldest Ally At Work

as armies are now counted, is full of efficiency. Its cavalry in particular is said to be as good as any in the world, and is burning to distinguish itself against the common enemy, and to maintain its historic reputation

Through a Woman's Eyes

RUSSIA AND THE FUTURE

THERE are several excellent results coming from the German peace manœuvres, the first being that the enemy can have no further doubts as to *what* the *Entente* intends to do with him. Not that the *Entente* as a whole has worried him so much as "What does England intend doing with us?" Which is the German's cry. Why all foreign Powers, friend or foe, always ask similar questions I cannot imagine, for the strongest thing this war has produced is the *Entente*. There is only *one Entente*, in which ten countries are included, and England, after all, is only just one of the important factors in the *Entente*; and the "Pan-Germany" scheme has received its death-blow in the text of the *Entente's* reply to the last Wilson Note.

❋

THE second good result is that the fact is quite plainly to be seen that Russia, rather than make a separate peace, which has been so unnecessarily feared, would go on to the end. I really believe that, even if every other *Entente* country were to make peace, Russia would continue. Where would Russia be were peace declared now? She would be more isolated than at any period of her history. The Black Sea would be completely useless to her. Alexandrovsk and Archangel would be her only ports in Europe, and Vladivostock in Asia, across several thousand miles of railway. The Baltic would be as useless to her as the Black Sea; and Sweden, which bears most unreasonable grudges against "Russland," as they call Russia, would hinder her commercial passage through Scandinavia in every possible way.

❋

BUT the *Entente*, and especially England and Russia, has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Count Benckendorff. With the utmost sagacity he has striven to ensure both friendly and commercial relations between the two great Powers. For it is quite evident to everyone who has been in Russia of what great importance the *rapprochement* of England and Russia is, and by no means just for Russia's sake. The greatest asset to any country after this war will be men. The great banker of men is Russia The friends of Russia will, therefore, have world power. Germany has forced through this war just what she has always feared and tried to prevent—a potential Russian army. Well, Russia now has that army, the largest in the world, a bit unwieldy, perhaps, but nevertheless a grand army of magnificent soldiers.

❋

MANY people think — even Russia's greatest admirers— that the Russian people will be too forgiving, and will allow the Germans again to get a strong foothold in their country. That is not impossible, but it is improbable. For here comes in the Russian peasant or *mujik* class. The Russian Army is comprised almost entirely of *mujik* soldiers; they knew very little beyond the village *mir*, or community, to which they belonged before this war. One Russian *isvortchik*, or cab-driver, said to me: "England? Is that part of Russia?" These men have gone to fight, they have returned to their homes maimed and fearfully wounded, and they have yet more awful tales to tell of German atrocities. They and their people at home will never forget.

❋

AND so there is something for all of us to look forward to, and that is a great Russia; and if Russia can "set her own house in order" the greatest hopes of her best friends can be realised. The dawn of a new Russia is breaking, and the Tsar, the Sovereign who has so much power, both democratic and autocratic, is proving himself to be a great man, and quite worthy of the title—the one he loves best—of "the little father of his people." The Russian people look to him with much affection and say their prayers to "St. Nikolivski," as if that name saint were almost the Emperor himself. "The 'little father' is in dire trouble, and needs our help, and so we fight and die, but our home must remain unharmed," is the Russian soldier's spirit. And so the great Russian child is becoming a great Russian man, a power among nations. Russia is one great family of big, simple people.

ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

INTERNED IN SWITZERLAND

And looking as if he preferred it to Germany, is Captain Henry Talbot, shown in the photograph being visited by his mother, Lady Edmund Talbot

her guns still trained on the Turkish positions, while the shore is grimly lit by the flames of burning abandoned stores

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"On the Square"

A DOCTOR'S STORY

BY THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

"I could see him struggling hard to say something that he wanted me to understand."

As he would have expressed it himself if he could have spoken, he "had stopped one." The bullet had gone through his neck, and there was a bit of shrapnel in him somewhere else as well which had affected a vital spot. He was wonderfully plucky, more wonderfully so even than most of them are, for when his turn came for attendance, although he could not speak he shook his head feebly and pointed to the wounded man on the stretcher next his own. I could see him struggling hard to say something that he wanted me to understand. He wriggled his head round on the stretcher a little till he could look with those fast glazing eyes at the man beside him, and his lips moved. There was no sound, so I wiped the quivering lips gently and watched them. Do you mean "take him in first?" I asked at last. He smiled. I had understood. "But why?" I said. And this time he got out one word—one heroic word which was almost a groan—"Younger"; and his eyes stared meaningly at a plain gold ring on his comrade's finger.

"But it was when we spoke of Tom that her tears flowed again."

It was from the younger man himself some time afterwards, when the first operation was over and he was comfortable, that I learned that the two had been trench chums. Jock was a married man with children, but younger by some years than the poor fellow whose name I did not yet know. He came from the same village, and had buffeted the younger man into training. They had lived together, fed together, gone on patrol duty together, very nearly died together. "Poor old Tom," said Jock, "I've never known a better pal. If it hadn't been for Tom I should have stopped one long before this. And he carried me, almost, after Mons. He used to watch over me like a hen with one chick." It was later, much later, that I heard the whole truth of their story. I heard it from a weeping woman in black clothes who came to see me in Blighty when, having stopped a little one myself (one of those cushy wounds which mean long leave and nothing worse), I was home for a few weeks' rest. Jock had died in hospital after all. The young woman in black was his widow.

* * *

She mourned her husband sincerely, but it was when we spoke of Tom that her tears flowed again. "Poor Tom," she said. "They are both gone now, and I am greeting for them both. Tom never told me, but I always knew, of course; and I couldn't help it, could I? He was like an older brother to my Jock, and the children loved him like their own father." "There was something about his death, poor fellow, that has often puzzled me," I said, "when I have thought about it afterwards. When they brought him into the field hospital—it was only a shelter behind a few sandbags, you know—he was so badly hurt that he could hardly speak at all, but he made me understand that he wanted me to attend to your husband before seeing to him, and afterwards, just before he died, he spoke three or four words which have worried me." "He'll have been telling you a message for me, maybe," said the woman. "No," said I, "it was for his father." "Ah!" she said, "he was always very fond of his father, was Tom. It is funny you should talk of a message, though. The old man is paralysed and cannot move out of his chair, but when I told him to-day that I was going to see the doctor who had been with poor Tom at the last, 'ask him,' he said, 'to come and see me when he can. There's sure to be a bit of a message, and it wouldn't be any woman's business, that message wouldn't.'"

I began to see clearly. "Yes,"

(Continued on page 156)

"ON THE SQUARE" (*concluded*)

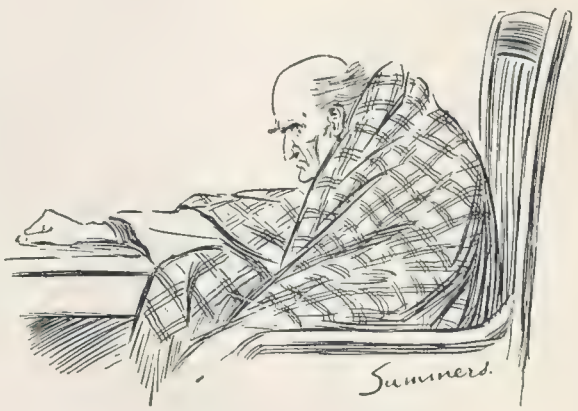
I said, "what you tell me throws daylight on those few last words of Tom's which have worried me. They were a message to his father. 'Tell father,' he said—and afterwards a few broken words again—and then again a few words more. They didn't seem to have any particular meaning when he said them. I don't understand their meaning now. I thought he was delirious at the time, perhaps; but, though I don't know what his words meant, I don't think so now. I remember just what he said, and I will go and see his father, if you will leave me his address, as soon as they let me go out. I think his father will understand."

❊

A WEEK later I called on the old man. I found him in his wooden armchair in the spotlessly clean room of his cottage, where Jock's widow looked after him. One of Jock's children was with him when I called. He sent the boy out into the street to play, then he looked at me searchingly. "Ah, you'll not be knowin' the meaning of my boy's message, perhaps," he said wistfully—and he seemed to wait for something. "No," I said, "I don't know what he meant exactly, but I remember quite exactly what he said." "Tell me," said his father. "He was very weak," I explained, "and I thought perhaps his mind was wandering, but" (and I glanced at a little glass-topped case with medals and things in it, near the old man's chair) "I don't think so now. His voice was very weak, and he had been unconscious for some time. Then, as though it were the middle of a sentence, I heard him croak rather than say—'from labour to refreshment——.' Then —'tell my father that'; and he smiled quite happily. Then he became unconscious again for a moment or two. And just before he died he opened his eyes very wide, looked me straight in the face, and said: 'Step off with the left foot.' That was all."

"So mote it be," said the old man.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL



"'So mote it be,' said the old man"

Official photograph issued from Press Bureau by "Topical"

"IT JUST MISSED US"

Cape Town Welcomes

SOME OF ITS HEROES FROM THE SOMME BATTLEFIELDS

Photograph *Keyzer—Cape Town*

"But through the thunder of the cheers
Each gallant hero dimly hears
Thunder of guns in Delville Wood,
Where first South Africa 'made good'"

Shrapnel Pars

THE Kaiser's sympathetic soul need no longer be troubled by the thought of his Athens brother-in-law's "gnashing teeth" now that the Allies have at last taken effectual measures to draw them.

⁂

THE German Minister at Berne has protested afresh that "Germany is firmly resolved to respect scrupulously the neutrality of Switzerland." No wonder the Swiss are redoubling their efforts to keep their army at fighting pitch.

⁂

THE Huns seem to have no luck with their new gas experiments. It is a moot question whether the one they launched the other day on the eastern front or their Note to Neutrals was the more hopeless failure of the two.

⁂

HAVING duly digested the Allied and German replies, President Wilson is reported to be thinking out his next peace move. So don't be surprised if before long you find him inviting both sides to explain to him, in confidence, what this fighting in Europe is *really* all about?

THE splendid support which all classes are giving to the War Loan fully justifies the opinion that the war stands a better chance of being brought to an early close by British cheques than by American or German Notes.

⁂

NO timid fear of *trop de zèle* seems to have troubled the writer of the War Loan "official leaflet," which genially asserts that "*The least you can do is to lend the most you can.*" But he might have explained what, in that case, is the *most* you can do?

⁂

LADY CARSON'S kindness in presenting all the wounded soldiers in her hospital with safety razors should enable them, when they go back, to get even with their more fortunate comrades who have experienced nothing worse than "close shaves."

THE Prussian Food Department has made several tons of a new sort of marmalade from apples, potatoes, and turnips. It is also rumoured that German chemists are on the eve of discovering a method of watering milk. Germany always did lead in applied science.

⁂

A CONTEMPORARY heard the War Loan humming. When we met it it was positively crowing, and £ s. d.-ing the consequences.

⁂

THE Germans have invented an invisible and noiseless Zeppelin. We thought as much. That was the gas-bag that recently laid London waste. It will be remembered that Londoners neither saw nor heard anything of it.

⁂

THE Bulgarians call their Tsar Ferdinand the Fearful because he is afraid to live in Bulgaria. The Austrians call him Ferdinand the Fearful because he insists upon living with them.

HUT LIFE—"ABLUTIONS"

Boschfully Speaking

By a Contributor Spiritually Domiciled in Berlin

"He had again to stand in a queue to wait for fat"

A Mother's Letter

THE Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung* publishes a number of letters from a poor Viennese woman to a schoolmaster, begging him to excuse the bad attendance of her son Joseph. One of these is as follows:—"Please excuse Joseph that he is late. He had again to stand in a queue to wait for fat. On Friday morning he was in the row as early as 3 o'clock, and only returned home at a quarter to ten. He could only manage to get a few ounces of fat pork. The child was so frozen that I could not send him to school. Again to-day he was in the queue at 5 o'clock in the morning and returned just before 10—but this time with nothing to show for his long wait. It makes one despair. One has a fat card, but no fat is anywhere to be had."

No Eggs at all

THE *Zentral-Einkaufs-Gesellschaft* (Central Purchasing Association) were provided with special cold storage plant for eggs in various towns throughout the Empire—these preserved eggs being sold as "Z.-E.-G.-eggs." Now it is found that many of these storage plants are useless. At one of them an examination revealed that in 328 cases the eggs had gone bad, representing a total of 79,196 eggs, and it is feared that this is what is happening in most of the cold storages. If so, it will be a terrible blow, because the Association are said to have millions of eggs in store.

"One has a fat card, but there's no fat"

"He could only get a few ounces"

Hindenburg the Good

HEEDLESS of the denial that Hindenburg had ever said such a thing—a denial emanating from an officer of Hindenburg's staff—Pastor Stock has narrated the following story in a religious paper:—"During a certain battle Hindenburg said to the Kaiser: 'Your Majesty, at ten o'clock the victory is ours.' When ten o'clock came, the Emperor pulled his watch out of his pocket and said: 'Hindenburg, it is two minutes past ten!' In the same moment a staff officer rode up with the report that the Russians were giving way on all sides. Whereupon Hindenburg: 'Your Majesty, I crave leave to withdraw myself from your presence for a few minutes.' To which the Kaiser replied: 'Hindenburg, I know what you wish to do—you are going to pray. That is also my desire. Come, we will go and pray together.' And that is what actually happened." The story is said to have spread a "sweet religious feeling" throughout Germany.

"Come, we will go and pray together"

"The eggs nad gone bad"

This page consists of actual quotations from German papers, illuminated by the wit of Mr. H. M. Bateman. The letterpress, in fact, is "made in Germany"; the illustrations are of "entirely British manufacture"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Mother Goose"

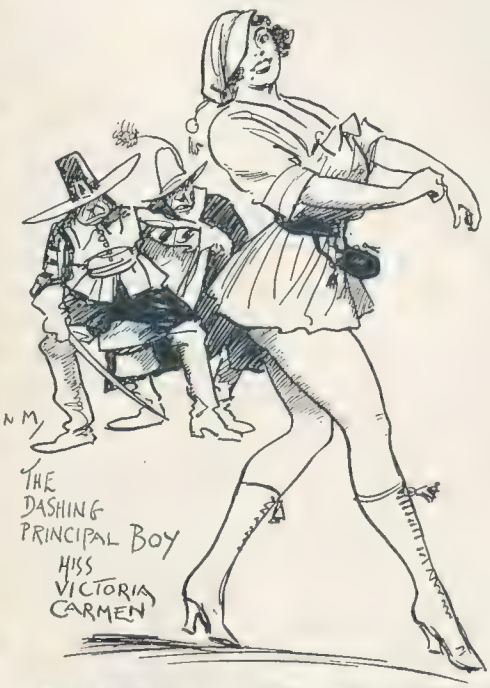
AT THE LYCEUM

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is an excellent example of the usual pantomime, in which a Good Fairy, with all her forces arrayed at her back, is engaged with a Mystic Demon in a fight for the right. In these stormy days, when the good fairies of Europe are doing the same thing on a rather bigger scale, this time-honoured contest becomes more interesting than ever, especially as we know we are on the right side. Incidentally, the pantomime preaches the wholesome moral that if you are kind to animals you will be suitably rewarded; and that's what makes me so sorry for having kicked a strange dog out of my garden yesterday. I ought to have taken him indoors and let him chew up a hearthrug or so, on the chance that he might bring me good luck.

✲

THE Mystic Demon commences with the very definite statement that he hates and scorns all that is good. After that, of course, we know where we are. And as Margery, the rightful heiress to the usual vast estates of fiction, is a very good girl, it is easy to see that she is about to get it in the neck, as the polite phrase goes. The vast estates were usurped long ago by Squire Badlot, whose name leaves us in no sort of doubt that he is the villain of the piece. With the usual facility of pantomime villains the Squire stole baby Margery from her cradle, and paid somebody to go and lose her; but under the watchful eye of the Good Fairy, Margery has grown up and attained her majority, and a bit over, and is now going about looking for trouble.



✲

AS the wicked Squire has not succeeded in losing Margery, he is now trying to find her, so that he may marry her and live unhappily ever after. Naturally, however, the Good Fairy is not the kind of girl to stand by and see that sort of thing come off. Besides, there is handsome Jack, the only son of Mother Goose, who has all the advantages of a popular hero, since he is poor but honest. Most of us are poor these times, and it is thus consoling to reflect that we have proverbial authority for coupling poverty and honesty together. When I reflect how extremely honest I must be I almost regret that I lost so long ago the gift of being able to blush. Then again, Mother Goose and her son, being poor, have naturally kind hearts. This is another cherished trait of our kind that must be insisted upon.

✲

WHEN, therefore, a number-nine size goose is being chased through the village by thoughtless children, Mother Goose steps boldly between the chasers and the chased, and declares that she will receive the goose into her home, and will share her last crust with her extremely feathered friend. The fact that geese have a poor appetite for crusts, whether last or first, is beside the question; and I hope I should never be so indecorous as to criticise a popular delusion in the shining light of truth. Then the Good Fairy prevails upon the Gnome of the Golden Valley to supply the goose with the

(Continued on page 162)

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The Old Brigade

HE (relating thrilling experience): "We were having a terrible time until the French brought up their 75's."

SHE: "I do think it's splendid for men that age to be fighting, don't you?"

Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

THE MORNING HOUR

CHER AMI—

I HOPE my last letter was of interest to you? As you are a one-time wounded man, this one should be. I want, as a *finale* to my tale, to paint you just the outline of a picture of the morning hour of a few scattered and unknown men and women, in a waste place of the European battleground.

⁂ ⁂

A WHITE stone house, once the *château* of a Count. Now, since shells battered it, a hospital. It stands alone in the midst of mud-covered fields (once the park). The scythe of modern war has ripped across the neighbouring country. Along a rut-ridden lane, once a stately drive, a motor ambulance crawls gingerly, its driver fearful of discomfort to the four occupants. A late winter sun has risen.

⁂ ⁂

INSIDE the *château* silent women with patient, steadfast eyes move from room to room upon their healing tasks. The hour of activity is at hand—the hour of "dressings." It is the hour when the professional mask descends upon doctors, surgeons, and nurses; when talking from bed to bed ceases; when all who have pressing business to do become grave and concentrated. To the patient it is the hour when he sets his teeth and calls inwardly upon his reserve forces.

AT the back of the house there is a large room with a top light. There was once a most expensive English billiard-table in here; this baize-covered article now dams a shell-hole in the roof of the right wing, where its slating serves a useful purpose. The room makes an admirable "theatre." But we will pause at the door; no need to enter. Our interest is with those outside. There is a long corridor outside, peopled now by half a dozen men, some lying on mattresses, others sitting in arm-chairs; all are heavily bandaged. There is little talk between them, for four different countries are represented by their presence. They all smoke—and wait their turn, each enduring in his own way his own particular hell. The matron comes among them. She smiles and talks to each individual in his own language encouragingly. She has not been to bed for two nights, but they don't know it. They answer her smiles resignedly.

⁂ ⁂

PRESENTLY the door of the operating theatre opens, and a nurse passes quickly through, whispering to the matron: "*Il est là—l'Américain?*" and, receiving an affirmative nod, goes out through the other door. The American of whom I wrote last week appears in the doorway, carrying a glass jar and rubber

(*Continued on page 166*)

THE PLOT THAT FAILED

A Sample Case will Decide

I am the famous Haig & Haig decanter Bottle which people are talking about. I may be bold in claiming the premier place, but anyone who puts my contents to the test of comparison will admit my claim You have only to test Haig & Haig 5 Stars Whisky to know that it is the aristocrat of Whiskies.

I am scarce—I cannot be obtained everywhere and so my welcome is acclaimed wherever I am placed upon the table. No words can do justice to my merits. Draw the cork and Haig & Haig will sing its own praises.

Send for a Sample case—12 bottles 66/- per case, or 6 bottles 34/- per case, carriage paid. The Central Control Board insist on cash being paid in advance so please send your cheque to conform to this war regulation.

Agents are being appointed in all districts, but to ensure quick delivery send your order to Haig & Haig, Ltd., who will pass it to the nearest agent.

HAIG & HAIG Ltd. (*Distillers since 1679*): **GLASGOW & LONDON**
LONDON OFFICE: 57 SOUTHWARK STREET, S.E

The actual Bottle is Full Size —6 to the gallon

Sample Case

Case of one dozen **66/-**
Case of one half-dozen **34/-**
Carriage Paid

"The Cult of the Kilt"

Reproductions, printed in colours on art paper, of this series of paintings by Rilette" to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley, will be forwarded free to Officers of H. M. Forces on application.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

THE KHAKI MARKET

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IN cold figures, and for the benefit of Officers purchasing their winter uniforms, I wish to place before them the following facts.

The continued rise in price of the best heavy-weight khaki materials is abnormal.

Pope and Bradley, exercising to the utmost their buying powers, have purchased a great stock, but only at a price which is the highest yet paid. For the same materials on the market at the present moment the manufacturers require a further advance in price of 30 per cent.

Bluntly, the position is that there is a scarcity of the best quality winter khaki. In their own interests, and in the interests of their customers, Pope and Bradley have secured a sufficient quantity to supply their demands until March, 1917, and these quantities have been bought by them at a price below the net cost of manufacture to-day.

In controlling the policy of Pope and Bradley during Armageddon I am determined to countenance no juggling with markets with the sickening objects of war profiteering.

If, in legitimate commercial competition by buying capacities and business acumen, advantages are gained on the woollen market, these advantages shall be for the customers of my house. After the war I want a clean name for Pope and Bradley and no aspersions of blood money.

The following quotations represent the minimums for uniforms of the finest khaki:

Service Jackets	from	£4	4	0	Naval Superfine D.B.		
Slacks	,,	1	10	0	Jacket	from	£1 4 0
Bedford Cord Breeches	,,	2	12	6	Vest	,,	1 1 0
British Warm	,,	4	4	0	Trousers	,,	1 18 0
Waterproof Trencher	,,	6	6	0	Blue Naval Warm Coat	,,	5 5 0

New Naval and Military Kit List of every Service requirement will be forwarded upon application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C

LIAISON LETTERS (concluded)

tubing in his hand. At his entry all eyes are fixed appealingly upon him. None can speak his language, save one. This is an English boy, quite young, with very fair hair, a gunner. He lies very still on a bed, his hands crossed behind his head, a pipe in his mouth. At the sight of the American his whole face changes. He raises an arm. "One minute, guv'nor—just a minute, please, 'fore you go in." The American smiles, and approaches his bed. "Yes, my lad, how are you feeling this morning?" The gunner waves the question aside as superfluous. "You'll give me some more of that there stuff this morning, sir?" pointing to the bottle the other carries so carefully. There is a pathetic appeal in his eyes as he asks, and his mouth quivers slightly. "It was a fair *treat* yesterday. I never felt nothing all the time they was messin' me about—it was just *'eaven*, that's wot it was, an' no mistake; first time I've 'ad no pain ever since I copped it." The American smiles reassuringly. "Sure," he answers, "that's what I'm here for; we'll fix you all right, sonny." "Thank Gawd for that, any'ow," murmurs the lad, and turns to the other eager occupants of the waiting-room, and sticks both his thumbs up in the air. They all smile contentedly.

❀ ❀

THE meaning of this dialogue is that the American had come as near the Belgian lines as they would let him. With him came also two strange wicker-covered baskets and a case of rubber tubing. He arrived in the imperturbable manner of his race with soiled letters of introduction, a much *viséd laissez passer*, and the amazing remark that his hampers contained a fluid which would stop the daily agonies of surgical dressings. Were it not that his letters from Paris bore distinguished signatures the Chief Surgeon would, no doubt, have ordered his instant removal. As it was, however, they were constrained to try his so-called wonder. They did the next day on all the men in that waiting-room, not one of whom felt the pains which had hitherto kept their vitality continually down. They wanted him now, urgently, in the theatre for a case that had just come in, to whom chloroform, or any such systemic anæsthetic, could not be safely administered. The first question the head surgeon had put to him was how much of the stuff had he got, and might they have all that, and would he send them some more. He had said "sure, doctor," in his quiet way, but he had smiled a contented smile as he said it.

❀ ❀

"THIS," he had explained, "was a purely *local* anæsthetic, and a preventive of all shock to the nervous system. You can do what you like to the patient's body, but his brain and nerves will not know, though he retains his consciousness. But let me demonstrate, doctor, let me show you." And he did. And what he said was so. Reflect upon this, *mon vieux*, and be content for your countrymen's sake, as I was for mine when I assisted this American in a Paris military hospital not so very long ago.

Toujours à toi,

JOHN

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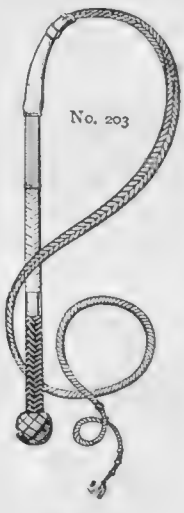

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From Lieut. ——, R.F.A., L——, Red Cross Hospital: "Will you kindly send me a dozen bottles of your Lutetian Cream. Some time ago, I wrote to you from the front for some and you sent me two bottles out. As you will see, I am now in Hospital, and the fellows in my ward asked me what polish I used on my boots and Sam Browne belt, and were so taken with the brilliance that I have promised to treat them each to some.

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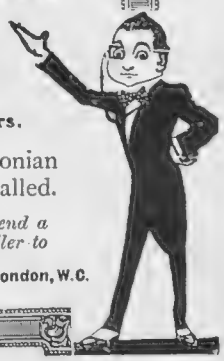

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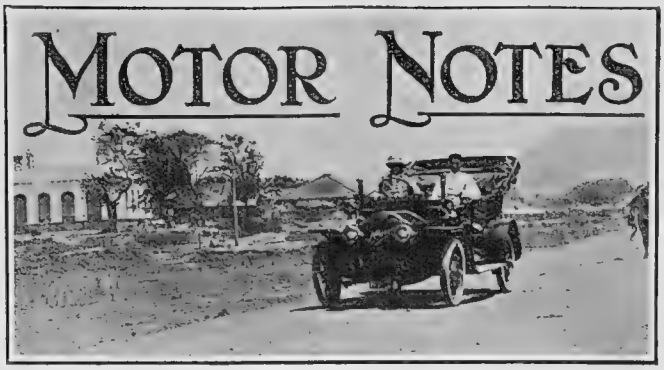
MOTOR NOTES



The road between Poona and Bombay, with, naturally, the car of eleven ruling Indian Princes (the Napier) well in the picture

Concerning Steamers

I REMEMBER writing in terms of hope concerning the "steamer," or steam-power propelled motor vehicle, as against, or by comparison with, the internal combustion engine. I have now a long distance letter (from New Zealand, to be precise) in which, queerly enough, the very point recently made by a correspondent in a technical contemporary is made again, with a quotation from the same authority, Professor Soddy, who seems to have written a book I have not read on "Matter and Energy." In the chapter dealing with the transformation of heat into work, Professor Soddy seems to have delivered a verdict against steam as a prime mover when compared with gas and oil. I am always humble before pastors and masters; but I am also of a stiff-necked generation, and the quotation from Professor Soddy fails to move me to repentance.

***

The Economic Aspect

As a matter of fact the Professor is not necessarily dealing with my case at all. He is talking about the place of temperature in the sum of power, while I am talking about the efficient utilisation of available power. The steamer gives me sufficient power under the service conditions of road transport. So does the internal combustion engine. I have, therefore, only to make the comparison (*a*) with the costs of producing equal power by both methods; and (*b*) with the machinery of transmitting that power to the road wheels. If it can conclusively be shown that the total cost of producing and transmitting effective power must necessarily and always be higher in the case of the steamer, then I am undone in my hopes for the possible future of the steam-car; but that case has not yet been made out.

***

Certain Service Qualities

All I have done is to comment upon the wonderful suavity and fluidity of the "steamer" in motion, and to hope that it might not be impossible to translate and perpetuate those qualities economically in the road vehicle of the future. If that can be done (and I suggest, if the volume of concentration and experiment which has been given to the internal combustion engine over the past twenty years had been given in equal measure to the steam-propelled road vehicle we might have a different story to tell to-day), then the future of the steamer is very bright indeed. If it cannot be done, then we need not worry any further about steamers. But that has not yet been shown, and I shall persist in hoping until it is. My New Zealander seems to think it is solely a matter of power. I most certainly do not. It is equally a matter of the distribution of power. And the sum of costs must also take in such factors as chassis depreciation and tyre cost. I have no sentiment in the matter at all. I want all I can get for the money, in comfort, convenience, and all the other qualities which go to make up everyman motor service; and if all else happened to be equal, I would give an extra 10 per cent. for the wonderful ease of running and the luxuriously docile power of the steam car. If I can't get it—well, I'm

(Continued on page 170)

SUNBEAM

supremacy has been proved not only by the exploits of Sunbeam cars in and out of the war zone but also by the achievements of

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Sunbeam productions, both as regards cars and aircraft engines, have gained the greatest of all records—that of unfailing good service under the abnormal conditions reigning in the area of hostilities. Bear this in mind when you select your post-war car.

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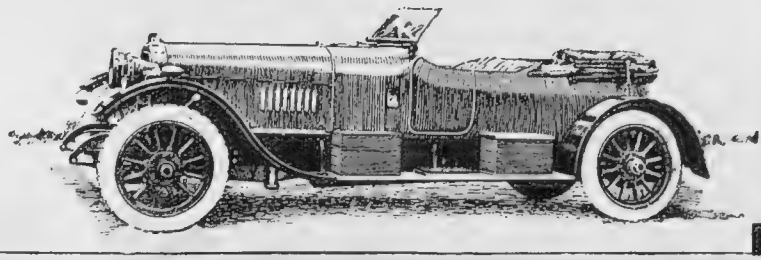

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What the Officer Needs

writes a Correspondent of "The Times" is a

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BURBERRYS' ANNUAL SALE.
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Officers' Complete Kits in 2 to 4 Days or Ready for Use

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THE BURBERRY, owing to the protective agent being ingrained by exclusive Burberry processes in every thread of the material, withstands the roughest usage without loss of its unrivalled weather-resisting properties.

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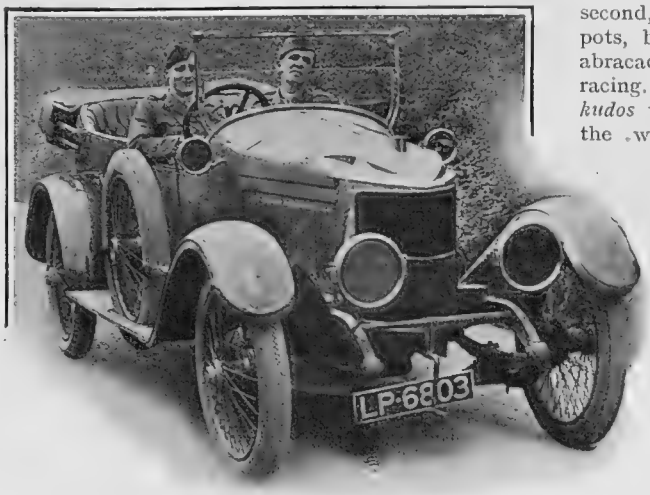
MOTORING (concluded)

sorry. That is all there is in it so far as I am concerned.

* * *

Touching Repairs

THE Director of the Priority Branch of the Ministry of Munitions begs to say that the following arrangements have been decided upon, to wit: that repairs to motor vehicles may be made and spare parts supplied to a total value of £10 under "Priority Classification B." without application to the Ministry of Munitions, where the order is accompanied by a solemn oath that the car or motor-cycle is either for use professionally by doctors, dentists, or veterinary surgeons, and Army or Naval officers, or for the collection and delivery of agricultural goods, or is a taxi-cab or in use for public service. So now (I do not think) we know. As a matter of fact there never has been any embargo upon actual repairs to any amount, and if the local repair shop has the labour and the spare parts necessary he can get ahead without permit or anything else. This letter from the Priority Branch makes a confusion by suggesting something different to the ordinary mind. Actually it means that spare parts can be obtained from a controlled factory in the order of priority indicated.



THE STRAFERS

Actually three of them: (a) Captain Robinson, V.C., at the wheel; (b) Lieut. Sowrey, D.S.O., alongside; (c) A Vauxhall car. The Zepp.-strafing achievements of the first two are very well known; while the service rendered our side by the third, in all sorts of direct and indirect strafes, deserves special mention

Peugeot Champion

THE Peugeot heads everything in American race-land this year, the cars driven by Resta and Aitken having earned for their drivers (or whoever it is takes the winnings) a matter of 51,000 dollars for the first and 30,206 dollars for the second, not to mention cups, pots, bowls, medals, and the abracadabra of most forms of racing. In addition there is the *kudos* that always comes in the wake of success, even when the success cannot necessarily be translated into terms of general utility. Whether the advertisement value of racing records represents the remunerative investment of whatever it cost to run the team of cars is not our business. The race as sport and spectacle is fine; and it is something of a relief from the environment of war to turn to race reports, if only to remind ourselves of the days that were, and renew our hope for the days that yet may be. ALEX J. M. GRAY

BETTER LIGHT AHEAD.—C. A. V. lamp bulbs for car-lighting give more light at least cost and entail no trouble. Strong, Efficient, Reliable, and British throughout. Write for new Catalogue. C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Acton, W.

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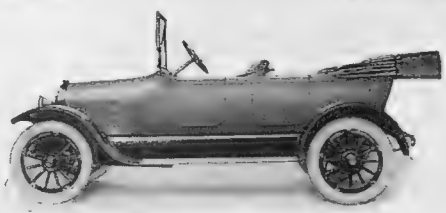

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FEATURES

Valve-in-Head engine, unusually silent and capable of developing 35 h.p. Mono block cylinder casting with detachable head, making for ease of carbon removal and valve grinding. Delco Electric Self-Starting, Lighting and Ignition. Extra long semi-elliptic springs. Vacuum petrol feed with petrol tank at rear.

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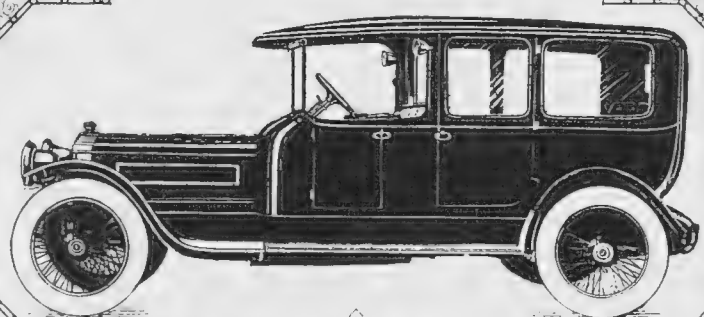

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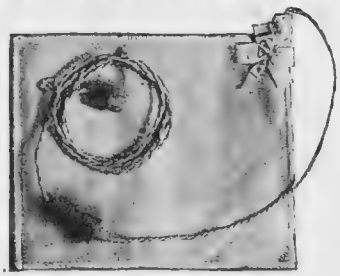

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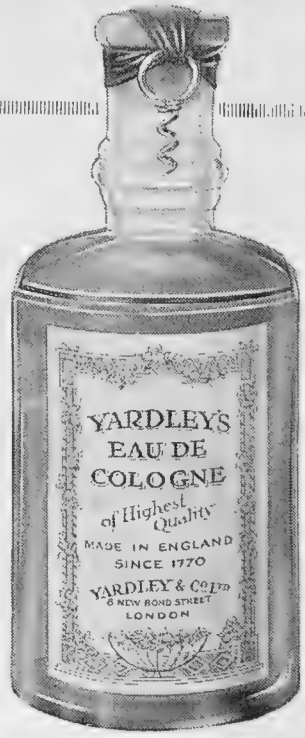

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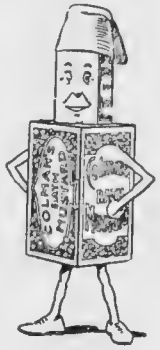

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PERFECTLY FURNISHED,
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Handsome reception hall, 3 excellent reception rooms, large billiard room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; ample stabling, motor garage; lodge, etc.

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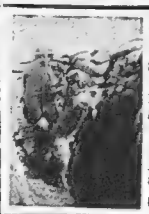

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ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS. 12 GOLD MEDALS.

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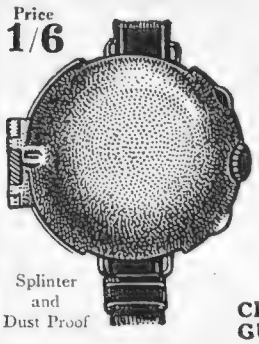

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There is only one AQUASCUTUM. Do not accept inferior imitations.

Only Height and Chest Measurement required

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By Appointment to His Majesty the King.

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"Like a breeze in the mouth"

Try it!

The delightful solid dentifrice that preserves and whitens the teeth, and thoroughly cleans and disinfects the mouth and gives to the breath a pleasing fragrance.

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Every Saturday Afternoon Special Exhibitions take place, and visitors may spend a pleasant and instructive hour by walking through the showrooms and taking tea (which is provided free) in the oak room.

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FASHIONS FANCIES

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Early Millinery Modes

It requires a very sure eye at the moment for the selection of millinery, for there is much that is grotesque and unbecoming, top-heavy things that one can only hope are not as headachy as they look. But the reign of velvet is passing and giving place to silk, straw, and crin, especially the latter. Already black crin shapes are on view, the prettiest aping deliciously the Napoleon, with a brim that turns sheer up from the face, the edge frequently softened by a light double fold of *tulle*. Transparent lace brims are likewise in evidence, these again turning heavenwards after the manner of a French sailor.

A typically favourite style is shown in the topmost sketch of accompanying group. This is something on the lines of the *képi*, and is carried out in two pastel shades of silk blues, browns, yellows, or reds. A particularly *dégagé* treatment characterises the draped crown part, while the sole ornamental relief is provided in a handsome bead plaque hung with a *boule* fringe.

Voyant-Coloured Leaves

"Floriculture gone crazy" best describes the amazing leaves that are used both alone and in conjunction with spring flowers *au naturelle*. It is a quaint fancy this one for vivid tinted foliage, and a case in point of the strong contrast used is supplied in the tricorne depicted. This shape, still held in the best esteem, is built of deep purple silk, outlined with blue leaves, an alternative choice not quite so striking being black silk trimmed with oxidised leaves, and worn with a black net veil, the upper part embroidered in an all-over design with oxidised thread.

The Jaunty Little Jumper

Small need to dwell at this hour on the obsession of this garment, for already the query is flying round whether the jumper has really come to stay as a steady rival to the blouse. At present it is omnipotent, and effected in dark colours is alike practical and economical, since it saves the fees of laundress or cleaner; for we are having it brought home to us by rising bills that such everyday articles as soap and soda and starch are only obtainable at war prices. All of which sounds rather as though I were writing a mild defence of the jumper, whereas it is perfectly able to stand on its own merits of charm and elegance.

Lately I have observed an inclination to curtail the length of the *basque*. A very "dinkie" model, one of the latest, was of navy *crêpe de Chine*, a heavy, expensive quality, embroidered across the front of the neck and again at the sides, under the arms, suggesting pockets, and all round the edge of the *basque* with dull red silk. The *basque* in this case finished about two inches below the base of the hips.

Another supremely seductive example was the simplest thing imaginable. Just two straight pieces of *charmeuse*, arranged *en Magyar*, with a seam running down the back of the arms from throat to wrist, needless to say an open-work seam, which by its decorativeness covered up the necessity for a join.

This valued stitch likewise plays a distinctively ornamental part in our pictured original expression in connection with the plastron front. Old blue *crêpe de Chine* or *charmeuse* would work this model up

(*Continued on page* viii)

TWO DELIGHTFUL HATS
One in the Képi style, and one illustrating the fashion for leaf-trimming

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

charmingly, a touch of honeycomb-stitching occurring on either side of the front. Saucy little *soubrette* pockets flank the front, while one of those little things that are so all-important in the opinion of the ultra-fastidious is afforded in the flat setting of the sleeve into a deep-cut armhole.

A CHARMEUSE JUMPER
With honey-comb stitching, showing the new plastron front

A Great Carpet Opportunity

Throughout the month of January a constant *va et vient* has testified more eloquently than any words to the supreme satisfaction and advantage to be derived from Messrs. Hampton's great furnishing sale. Bargains in all departments have been the ruling order, and the last remaining days will see yet further and more arresting reductions placed upon all that remains of the surplus stock. This applies especially to carpets, a fact that will be duly noted and recorded by all acquainted with the sound qualities invariably to be found at this famous Pall Mall establishment, where both English and Eastern productions—the very best procurable—receive equal consideration.

Foremost among the bargains are some Axminster squares, made up from remnants and discarded patterns. These represent really amazing value, Hampton's high-grade standard being maintained throughout. Squares 5ft. 2in. by 5ft. 3in. can be had for about a guinea, the price rising according to size, the splendid qualities and range of choice in patterns and colourings being always the same. Extra fine seamless Axminsters, 10ft. 6in. by 9ft., make a start at £6 16*s.* 6*d.* instead of the usual 9 guineas, another wonderful range being offered in Wilton Pile squares, selling at £2 10*s.* in lieu of the usual price of £3 13*s.* 6*d.* for a 7ft. 6in. by 6ft. 9in. size. A very beautiful Wilton Pile, a reproduction of a fine old Persian carpet, 6ft. by 4ft. 6in., can be had for £1 15*s.*, an appreciable drop from the original £2 7*s.* And there are, too, many very remarkable offers in Hampton's "Heathfield" carpets, admirable for bedrooms, Jacobean rugs, rush mats, linoleums, and cork carpets.

A Famous Collection of China and Glass

In issuing a complete and beautifully illustrated catalogue of their unique collection of china and table-glass Messrs. Mappin and Webb are conferring a blessing on their large country *clientèle*. Such standard styles as Mappin and Webb's "Copeland," Wedge-wood, and Crescent china dinner, tea, and breakfast sets are faithfully reproduced in colours, as are also several exquisite designs in Limoges. The colourings in a quaint bird device are dainty to a degree, while descending to rather lesser-priced, but equally exclusive sets, is to

(Continued on page x)

A War-time Economy

Milkmaid Café au Lait appeals to the pocket as it does to the palate, because it is the most economical, as it is the most delicious, coffee you can buy. It saves time and trouble, and saves cost of both Milk and Sugar—only boiling water needed. It is Coffee at its best, and is made in a moment.

MILKMAID
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O LAY

Leaves no 'grounds' for complaint.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.
Cash price, **4d., 7½d. & 1/2½** *per tin.*

Try a tin to-day, and don't fail to include a few tins in your parcels to the boys at the Front.

Booklet, "Vanity Fair," free on request.

"You can apply Decoltene whilst dressing for dinner."

Decoltene, the new depilatory in liquid form, enables you, in a few moments, and with one application, to entirely remove unwanted hair, leaving the skin unharmed. Decoltene is pleasant to use.

Prove Decoltene at our risk—your money refunded if it fails.

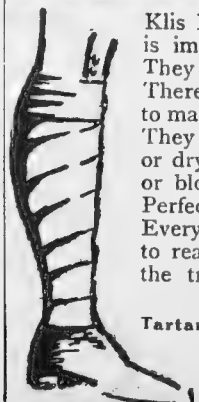
Price 3/9 per bottle.

Can be obtained at Boots', Harrods', Selfridge's, Whiteley's, and at all good chemists, or a first bottle post free direct from

B. ROBARTES, Ltd., 128 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.

DECOLTENE
The liquid hair remover
(originally known as Decolene)

KLIS FOOLPROOF PUTTEES



Klis Puttees expand like elastic, and it is impossible to put them on wrongly. They wind from knee down or ankle up. There is no right or left, and no twists to make.

They fit perfectly, and, whether wet or dry, never restrict either the muscles or blood-vessels.

Perfect fitting with perfect comfort. Every soldier should wear Klis Puttees to realise what free leg-gear means, in the trenches or for heavy marching.

Wool only Price 8/-

Tartan Khaki, Navy Blue, or French Grey.

BURBERRYS
HAYMARKET, LONDON

Style N 156

Fine Glacé Kid Derby Shoe

Norvic Shoes are dainty

but more durable than other Shoes

THIS can quite easily be proved. Every woman has at least two pairs of walking shoes in constant use. Get a pair of Norvic and a pair of *any* other make. Wear them alternate days and see which pair preserve their shape longer, wear better, and give the greater satisfaction. Norvic are so beautifully made, inside and out, so soft and flexible, that you will be tempted to wear them *all* the time. They will withstand even this test. The fine quality of Norvic shoes is the same now as it was before the war, that is the reason why.

Illustrations of other styles and name of nearest agent sent post free on request.

NORVIC Shoe Company, Norwich
(Howlett & White, Ltd.)

"Erasmic" for Daintiness and Refinement.

4d per tablet.
1/- per box.

66 ERASMIC 99

The Dainty SOAP.

"ERASMIC" Perfumers, LONDON & PARIS.

The Only Successful Method for Removing all Traces of Age

By a new scientific method, known as the Hystogen Treatment, facial blemishes are corrected in a few minutes. The face after the treatment is years younger. Puffs, rings, wrinkles and flabbiness around the eyes are removed, hollows in face and neck disappear, sagging face is lifted and the contour of your youth restored. These remarkable results are accomplished without the use of massage, lotions, creams, pomades, steaming, or paraffin injection. The Hystogen method has superseded all old time-worn remedies. It is the only system which absolutely removes every ugly blemish from the face, either the result of age or any other cause. One call, and you leave without a trace of the former defects on your face.

The following imperfections can be corrected permanently from within one hour. The treatment is absolutely painless and harmless, and does not leave any marks.

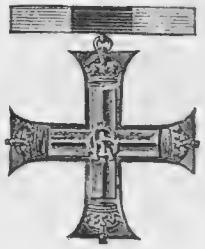
Ugly Frown Furrows
Mouth-to-Nose Lines
Flabby, Wrinkled Eyelids
Crow's Feet Wrinkles
Warts, Red Veins, Moles
Unsightly Noses—Saddle Nose, Turned-up-nose, &c.
Red Nose Blotches
Baggy Chin
Flabby Neck
Fallen, Bulging Eyebrows
Hollow Cheeks
Imperfect Facial Contour
Sickly, Sallow Skin
Unrefined Complexion
Prominent Collar Bones
Sagging Cheeks or Face
Projecting Ears
Drooping Mouth Corners
Exaggerated Expression Furrows
Thin Arms, Elbows and Shoulders
Large Pores, Freckles, etc.

Call or write for Dr. Willi's booklet—"Facial Perfection," Part 2 (sent sealed on receipt of 3d. for postage). Hours from 10 to 5.

THE HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE,
17, Baker Street, Portman Square, London, W.
Established 1907

Wilson & Gill 139 REGENT ST. LONDON, W

THE MILITARY CROSS



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£3 15 0

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As Brooch, **£3**

THESE MINIATURES ARE MADE IN SOLID 18-ct. GOLD FRONTED WITH PALLADIUM.

No. 605.—Solid 18-ct. Gold and Palladium Bracelet on Silk Band in Colours or Black Moire with Gold Fastening adjustable to any wrist
£3 5 0

NEW CATALOGUE FORWARDED ON APPLICATION.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

find supreme value in Staffordshire ware, etc. "Imari" china, a perfect reproduction of an old Spode design, is also shown, and several lovely designs in tea and breakfast sets are illustrated.

China dessert services with coffee cups and saucers to match are a feature of considerable interest; and any piece can be had separately, so that in the event of inevitable breakages it is an easy matter to replace a cup, saucer, plate, etc., from stock.

A Correction

In our issue of January 10, in the description of a photograph of a trench mortar battery section, it was stated that 2nd Lieut. G. Saxe-Wyndham (THE BYSTANDER'S M.C.) was in command of the section. This was inaccurate, the officer in command being actually Lieut. T. S. Moore, seated on the left of 2nd Lieut. Saxe-Wyndham. We offer him our sincere regrets for having deprived him, for the moment, of the honour due to him.

A Clever Wood Carving

The delightful piece of wood-carving illustrated here (representing the Premier in his most hustling attitude) has been made by one of the soldiers, disabled for life, in the Lord Roberts Memorial workshops, where these poor men are being taught trades that will enable them to supplement the pensions they have so gallantly and worthily earned.

A CLEVER CARVING
By one of the incapacitated wounded soldiers at the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops

Sessel Pearls

No feminine adornment is more beautiful than the pearl. But real pearls cost a lot of money; and an admirable substitute for them is found in the Sessel Pearls, to be obtained only at 14, New Bond Street. They are exact copies of the real thing, having the same weight, durability, colour, and shape. The Sessel Company specialise in copying real pearl sets for clients, and guarantee an exact replica, and it only needs a comparison of their products with the ordinary cheap artificial pearl to show the right place to obtain real value for money.

London's Egg Day

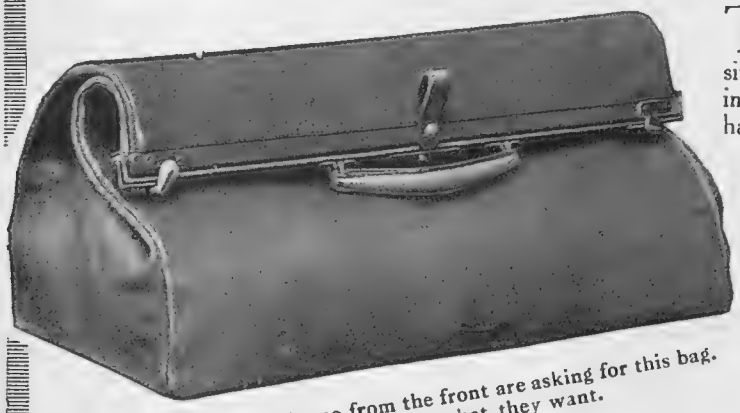
The Committee of the National Egg Collection for the Wounded have received permission to hold a street collection in London on Wednesday, February 14, to assist the funds. Artistic emblems will be sold, and the support of all classes is invited to make the day a great success. The importance of this collection is such that all who can possibly help are earnestly requested to give their services, and should immediately get in touch with the organiser at 154, Fleet Street, E.C.

Scottish Colonial Soldiers

At Queen's Hall, on Thursday of this week, the Scottish Colonial Soldiers are going to have the time of their lives. Lord Derby will say a few words of welcome to the guests, and *then*—well, you can hear all these: Harry Lauder, Matheson Lang, George Tawde, Mackenzie Murdoch, Miss Hutin Britton, and the London Scottish Choir, and Boy Pipers and Dancers from the Caledonian Asylum, which fine institution is to benefit by the proceeds. Don't miss this; get a ticket, 1*s.* 2*d.* to 11*s.* 6*d.*, tax included ("mon, it's rideekulously sma' for a' that gr-rand talent!"), from Mr. P. N. Macfarlane, *Graphic* Office, Tallis Street, E.C.

OFFICER'S WAR BAG.

ESTABLISHED 1893 CROSS LONDON



THIS "Cross" bag does away with the tiresome necessity for stowing personal belongings in the sleeping valise, which has to be emptied every time the owner wants to "turn in." It holds all belongings and, owing to its specially flexible character, can be rolled up and rolled with the sleeping valise into one bundle. It saves rummaging and confusion of kit. In case of sudden call, the bag with all essential requisites is to hand for immediate portage. When going on leave the owner will find it exceptionally useful and convenient. When not in use and quite empty the bag folds perfectly flat and small as shown. Made throughout of finest quality pigskin, lined smart check linen. Fitted strong lock.

Officers home from the front are asking for this bag. It is exactly what they want.

Size 20 × 10 × 14 ins.
When closed 20 × 8 × 2 ins. Weight 3¼lbs.

Price **90/-** Post free in U.K.

Owing to a demand for a larger bag we are making one 22in. size. Weight 4¼lbs.

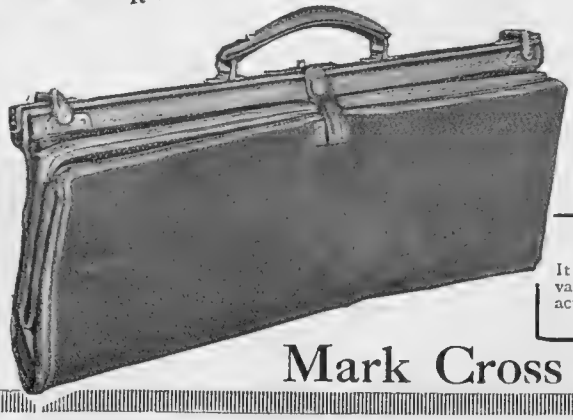
Price **100/-**

1/4 extra for parcel post to B.E.F.

Initials branded on bag, **6d.** per letter.
Name complete, **2/6.**
Name and Regiment, **3/6**

This shows the first stage of the roll when the new War Bag is about to be rolled up with the sleeping valise.

This shows the new bag folded up flat. Observe how neat and compact it is—easy to put away in a corner. Note the snap and strap for holding it in fold. Also, instead of clips, end-straps are now fitted.



Write for New Book No. 2 of "CROSS" SERVICE GOODS.
It illustrates and describes an attractive variety of articles useful to the soldier on active service, and also suggests many gifts from soldiers to the folks at home.

Mark Cross Ltd. 89 Regent St. London, W

A suggestion for Societies and Friends sending Gifts to Soldiers.

The "very thing" for the Front.

"One Lodge is sending out various parcels to members and sons of members who are at the Front, and intend including some of your GONG SOUPS."

* * * *

From one of the 1st Life Guards.

"I am highly delighted with the parcel of Gong Soups which reached me on the 8th inst., splendidly packed and in good condition.

Now that the weather is colder and another winter campaign here, no soldier should be without a few Gong Soups in his haversack.

For handiness and variety they are very hard to beat. I have cooked several lately, according to the directions enclosed with each packet, and with fine results. Needless to say, portions of the Soup were in big demand, and quite a few took a special note of the brand."

Include Gong Soups in your next parcel

A few packets of assorted Gong Soups should be sent to men at the Front and in training. They make a welcome change from the usual service diet which is thoroughly appreciated especially at this time of the year, and can be sent with every assurance that they will reach their destination in excellent condition.

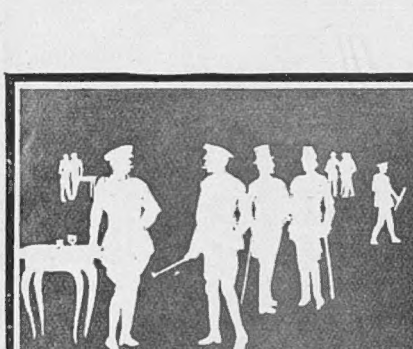
Water is the only ingredient required which is not included in the packet; just a few minutes suffice for the preparation of a deliciously appetising and nourishing meal, acceptable not only at the Front but in the home as well.

TWELVE DIFFERENT VARIETIES.

Scotch Broth	Lentil	Celery Cream
Mock Turtle	Julienne	Green Pea
Pea	Ox Tail	Artichoke
Mulligatawny	Thick Gravy	Tomato

2D. GONG SOUPS

Per Packet. Made by OXO Ltd., London



Spinet The SUPER CIGARETTE

Fine Old Virginia, Oval, Cork-Tipped

1/- per tin of 20
2/6 per box of 50

DUTY FREE TO THE FRONT:-
200 6/- 500 13/9 Post Free

R. & J. HILL LTD LONDON.

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1916-1917

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Afternoon and Evening Concerts, with Select Orchestras of over a Hundred Performers, under the direction of M. M. JEHIN, GANNE, and LAUWERYNS.

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THE MENU

ECONOMICAL DISHES FOR WAR-TIME

As prime joints of beef, such as sirloin and ribs, are almost prohibitive now, it is well to consider what can be done with the inferior parts. A good-sized piece of brisket, which is only 11*d.* per pound, is a very economical joint, and if treated in the following way cannot fail to give satisfaction:—

Stewed Brisket of Beef

Procure about 8 lb. of brisket of beef, have the bones taken out and chopped up small. Trim from it any superfluous fat, cover it with water, and add the following vegetables (also the bones): Four onions, four carrots, four turnips, two tablespoonfuls of ketchup or Harvey's Sauce, one bay leaf, a few herbs tied up in muslin, pepper and salt. Simmer the meat for about three and a half hours. Strain some of the gravy and thicken it with roux, add a little Parisian essence, let it boil up, have the beef ready in a hot dish, garnished with the vegetables, and pour the gravy over and round. The remainder of the liquor in which the beef was boiled will make excellent soup. When the beef comes from the table it should be placed in a dish with another dish on top of it, on which put some heavy weights. Brush over with glaze before serving it cold.

Lamb Pie

Cut some cold roast lamb or mutton into slices, cut off the fat, and dip each slice into flour, season with salt and pepper, and put them in a buttered pie-dish or casserole with alternate layers of sliced tomatoes. Moisten with some nicely flavoured stock, and sprinkle over some chopped parsley. Cover with a layer of mashed potatoes, brush over with beaten egg, and bake in a fairly hot oven for three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot.

Sheep's Liver

Cut about 1 lb. of liver into thin slices, flour it, and fry it in dripping or margarine until slightly browned both sides, add a small onion finely minced (previously taking out the liver), and fry in the fat till a nice brown colour, then stir in 1 oz. of flour, add half a pint of water or stock, and bring to the boil. Pour this over the liver, put all into a casserole, and cook in the oven for thirty minutes or longer. Fried bacon is a great improvement.

Beef and Tomatoes en Casserole

Cut 2 lb. of lean beef (bladebone steak at 1*s.* 3*d.* per pound answers well for this dish), three small onions, and a little celery cut into small pieces, fry altogether in butter or margarine in a frying-pan. Cook slowly, and stir constantly until well browned. Remove from the fire, and put into a casserole, add a small tin of tomatoes, ½ lb. of grated cheese, one cupful of small mushrooms, ¼ lb. of cooked spaghetti, and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer for two hours in the casserole.

Irish Stew

Slice one large Spanish onion, and peel and slice two large potatoes. Put these, cut very thin, with the onion, and salt and pepper into a stewpan, just cover with water, and let them boil until both onion and potatoes are quite soft and mashed up. Now lay on the top some neck of mutton chops, well trimmed of all fat—about six or eight cutlets. Cover them well with the mashed-up onion and potatoes, and, if necessary, add a very little more hot water, but it must on no account be too watery. Now add about twelve potatoes cut in halves and let all simmer by the side of the stove for nearly two hours. Cover closely. The knuckle end of a leg of lamb, cut into rather thick slices, answers very well, and is really more profitable than neck chops, and the fillet end boned and stuffed with forcemeat is a nice small joint. EMILIA

THE PAPER
TO SEND TO FRIENDS
ABROAD
is the
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The Penny Weekly Magazine-Review for the Thinking Man and Woman.

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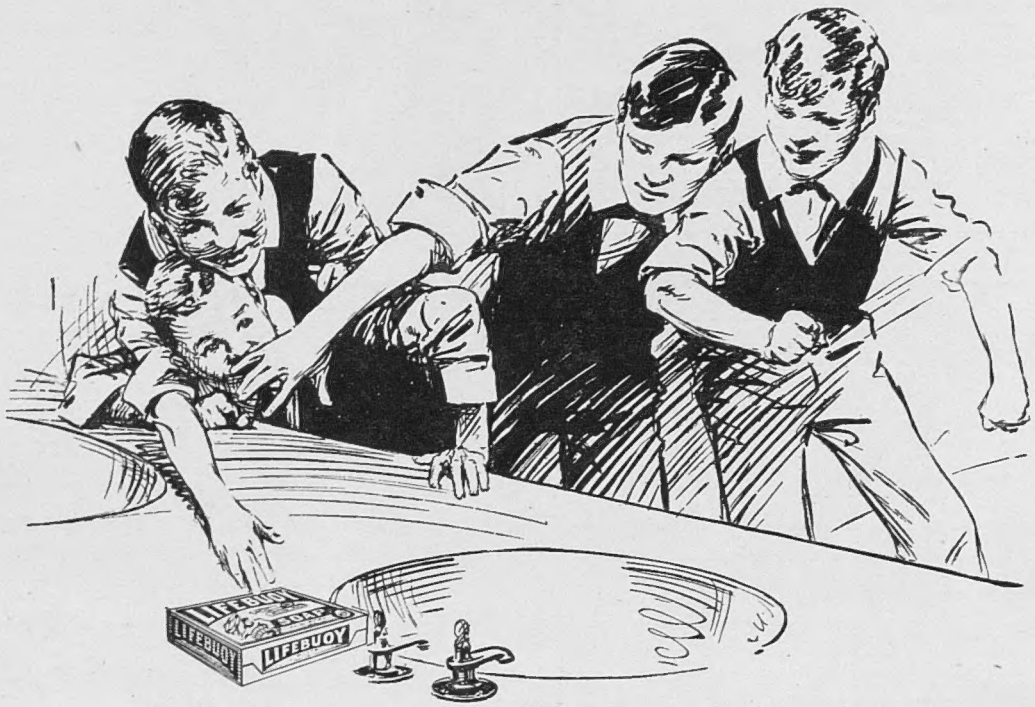
LIFEBUOY SOAP



BOYS WILL BE BOYS, AND LIFEBUOY SOAP WILL ALWAYS BE THEIR FAVOURITE SOAP.

THESE happy, joyous young Britons instinctively fly to the soap that invigorates. After the general rough and tumble in the playground, there is nothing a boy likes so much as a brisk wash with Lifebuoy Soap, a wash that leaves his tousled forelock as sweet and clean as the heather which grows on the hillside.

Imagine the friendly jostle at the wash-bowl and bath, the cheerful hum of voices—above all, the pleasant and health-giving odour of Lifebuoy Soap, and you have a happy picture of healthy, manly boyhood.

Wise parents insist on their manly boys using Lifebuoy Soap, for they know that its antiseptic properties will protect them from the germs and microbes of disease that ever threaten boy life at school.

A BRITISH SOAP FOR BRITISH BOYS.

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PRIVATE SALE OF HIGH-CLASS MODERN AND ANTIQUE

FURNITURE

and EFFECTS, to the extent of over £70,000.

THE FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.,

have been favoured with instructions from the various trustees and owners who have been called to serve with His Majesty's Forces, to SELL PRIVATELY, in many cases entirely without reserve and regardless of original cost, the Entire Contents of several town and country Mansions, being one of the greatest collections ever offered to the public of genuine second-hand and antique English, French, and Italian furniture, English and Oriental carpets, pictures by modern and old masters, china and glass, pianofortes, silver and plate, linen and various objects of art, including styles of Elizabethan, Jacobean, Queen Anne, Early Georgian, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Adams, Sheraton, besides a magnificent collection of black and gold and coloured lacquer furniture of Oriental taste. Complete illustrated catalogues sent free on application.

The FOLLOWING FEW ITEMS will suffice to give an idea of the exceptionally low or war-time prices at which these goods are being offered:

THE LOUNGE DINING-ROOM and LIBRARY FURNITURE, include several fine lounge easy chairs, with loose down cushion seats, 47s. 6d. each; Chesterfield settees with adjustable ends, £3 7s. 6d. each; large lounge easy chairs covered with real leather, unsoiled, £4 17s. 6d. each; Queen Anne design sideboard, 5ft. wide, with round mirror in back, £7 15s.; Queen Anne design mantel mirror, £2 7s. 6d.; oval extending mahogany dining-table, with Queen Anne shaped legs, £4 10s.; set of eight Queen Anne design chairs, including two arm or carving chairs, with upholstered seats, £8 15s.; bookcase, with writing bureau attached and drawers under, £6 15s.; large real Turkey carpet, in excellent condition, 6gs.; fine old striking grandfather clock, £6 15s.; bracket clock, 35s.; choice pair of large French bronzes 45s.; old boule Delf pattern dinner service of octagonal shape, 70 pieces, complete, £3 17s. 6d.; with tea service to match, including teapot and sugar-pot, 27s. 6d.; complete set of crystal table glass, £5 17s. 6d.; polished oak canteens of cutlery and plate by Mappin and Webb, £5 17s. 6d.; quantity of plate by Elkington and other well-known makers; rare specimens of Jacobean dressers, refectory tables and chairs in James and Charles II. styles.

THE DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE in styles of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Louis XIV., and Louis Seize, carved and gilt, also some exquisitely painted and decorated satinwood cabinets, screens, settees, chairs, tables, etc., and a quantity of Venetian mirrors, and inlaid ivory boule and Dutch marquetry furniture, in addition to over 150 Chesterfield settees and lounge easy cairs, all being offered at less than one-third original cost.

THE BED-ROOM APPOINTMENTS in modern and antique styles, include complete solid oak suites from 5gs. ranging up to magnificent decorated satinwood and French lacquered and inlaid suites, complete with bedsteads, up to 400gs.; several old bow front and other chests from 35s.; gent.'s wardrobes and tallboy chests from £3 15s.; old Jacobean and Chippendale design four-post bedsteads, etc. Full particulars will be found in catalogue.

THE BILLIARD-ROOMS, LIBRARIES and HALL APPOINTMENTS include several Persian, Turkey, and Oriental carpets and rugs, 2 full-size billiard-tables, also a smaller patent turnover billiard dining-table, 16gs., with all accessories, a fine old Welsh dresser in original condition, about 7ft. wide, 9gs.; unique design oak coffer, £2 15s.; oak seat table with rug box £2 15s.; carved oak panelled hall cupboard, £4 17s. 6d.; and several old carved oak chairs.

SEVERAL PIANOFORTES by eminent makers including a serviceable piano suitable for practice, £5 15s.; a capital instrument in walnut case, 12gs.; piano by Agate and Pritchard, 15gs.; piano as new, by William Blackwood and Co., 22gs.; piano in rosewood case by "Hopkinson," 25gs.; magnificent upright grand piano by John Brinsmead and Co., 29gs.; choice upright piano, iron frame, by Broadwood, White and Co., 30gs.; small horizontal grand by John Broadwood, 12gs; and a ditto by same makers, 27gs.; combined Player piano by Stanley Brinsmead, with several rolls of music, 65gs.; and a "Steck" player piano as new, 85gs.; and several others

THE GARAGE includes a 12-14 h.p. Unic Touring Car, quite as new complete £250; also a Remo Touring Car, condition as new, £150; also various accessories.

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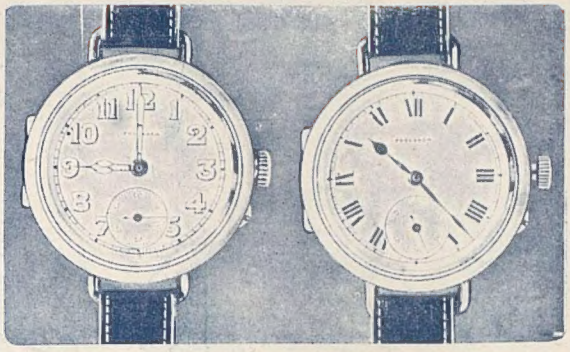

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Fine Watches for Presentations, Repeaters, Chronographs, etc. Prices upon application.

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PRICE'S CANDLES

casts the softest of shadows.

Its restful rays emit no enervating glare, while, to quote the words of an authority on the subject, "through hereditary association of ideas, its warm, orange-yellow colour suggests to the mind brightness and mirth."

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for use with Shades.

GOLD MEDAL PALMITINE CANDLES
for general use.

Of all Dealers in High Grade Candles.

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